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SOUVENIRS

OF A

SUMMER IN GERMANY.

IN 1836.

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He that travels far oft turns aside
To view some rugged rock or mould'ring tower,
Which seen delights him.—Then coming home,
Describes and prints it, that the world may know.
So I with brush in hand and pallet spread,
Paint cards and dolls, and every idle thing
That fancy finds in her excursive flights.

COWPER.

3.c.19

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

3-c-19.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1837.

TO

LADY CHATTERTON,

These Volumes,

A MEMORIAL OF AFFECTION AND LOVE,

ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HER FONDLY ATTACHED FRIEND.

PREFACE.

It is the fashion to hold, or rather to affect to hold, the opinion of the public in considerable disrespect. Few, perhaps, are sincere on this point: but, however it may be with others, I must honestly confess the truth, and plead guilty to a wholesome dread of the frowns of that august and mysterious power.

When, therefore, it was first suggested to me to print the following pages, I looked with no small dismay at the rambling lucubrations of my diary. They had been hastily written on the impulse of the moment, some in the carriage as we drove along, some on returning from a sight or excursion, while the enthu-

siasm it excited was yet all sparkling and unsubsided,—others at night when tired and more than half asleep after a long day's journey. In short, in every mood and humour,

"From grave to gay,—from lively to ——"

no—I cannot finish the quotation, I hope not "severe;"—written, in a word, without order or design, save to catch and preserve the passing impressions of a pleasant tour.

But when the awful word "*publish*" sounded in mine ears, I began in a fright to check my speed, and while visions of "potent, grave, and reverend signors," and criticising dames rose up before my alarmed imagination, I thought of remodelling my rapid sketches, in order to make them fit to appear before such sober company.

My purpose, however, was over-ruled. One wise friend decided that first impressions, given as they fall warm from the heart and fresh from the pen, are best, because most natural and genuine.

Another said something,—but what *he* meant I cannot conceive,—about a certain frog, who,

though a respectable enough little animal in his own way, thought to swell himself into a very magnificent ox, and failed.

"But all this egotism!" I remonstrated, still doubtfully turning over the leaves. "This *I* —*I* that stares at me from every page, until I am quite ashamed of the impertinent little monosyllable! "I thought," and "I felt." What does the "pensive public" care for my thinkings and feelings, though they might interest * * * * * * or * * * * * * or the two or three others for whose amusement they were recorded? Would it not be better to abstract what is personal and leave the rest?"

But no—the "*I*" had its defenders, and so there it stands with all its imperfections on its head; like Petrarch's lover, "poco spera, e nulla chiede." Indeed the whole thing remains as it was written, currente calamo. This must serve as an excuse for the inequality and occasional want of connexion in style, which would not have been the case had these Souvenirs been arranged from previous notes or sketches.

The only part thus filled up occurs in some

two or three chapters between Fulda and Leipsig,—the fatal effects of sleepy fits after long days' journeys, when the struggle between the pen and the pillow was decided in favour of the latter.

As I plead humbly for indulgence, I trust I shall not be denied it. I hope no one will be so cruel as to break my "butterfly on a wheel," and that the following pages, as they are offered without pretension, may be judged without severity.

CONTENTS

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Landing—Cassel by daylight, and Cassel by moonlight —Belgian bipeds and quadrupeds . *Page* 1

CHAPTER II.

Brussels—Noises at the Belle-vue—Hospice des Vieillards—Arembert palaces . . 26

CHAPTER III.

The Nun and the Doctor—Sœur Thérèse; or, the fatal effects of a gentleman patient—The Orange Palace—Museum . . 46

CHAPTER IV.

G——'s table — Dinner — Tea - equipage — Sunday abroad . . . 63

CHAPTER V.

Waterloo—Namur and its bell—Aix-la-Chapelle and its relics—The danger of being caught by appearances—Cologne . . . 77

CHAPTER VI.

The Rhine Steamer—People on the deck, and places on the shore—A husband and wife . 105

CHAPTER VII.

More persons on board the steamer—The three Prussian Barons—An agreeable Frenchman . 127

CHAPTER VIII.

Mayence—The Cathedral—Market-Place—Scriptural Paintings . . . 149

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival at Langen-Schwalbach — House-hunting—Pursuits of the visitors—Cottage bonnets—Women and cows—A lady scarecrow . . 169

CHAPTER X.

The Lutheran church—A ramble in the forest—"Sir Robert" and his donkey—The headless ladies of Langen-Schwalbach—A mistake . . 188

CHAPTER XI.

Dutch gentleman—Arrival of A——Dinner at Schwalbach—Kellners 219

CHAPTER XII.

Ruins of Adolphsec—Adoph and Imogene—Shops—English neighbour at dinner—A word on female inferiority 237

CHAPTER XIII.

Hohenstein—Music at the Brunnens—Sketches of some of the Water-drinkers—German Bows—Reflections on Travelling—Old Christiani . . 261

CHAPTER XIV.

Visit to the school-house—Schlangenbad—Departure from Schwalbach . . . 277

CHAPTER XV.

Frankfort — Hotel de Russie—Rothschild's house—Excursion to Wilhelmsbad—My neighbours 294

CHAPTER XVI.

Frankfort to Fulda—German roads—Thuringian forest—Eisenach—Luther . . 317

SOUVENIRS

OF A

SUMMER IN GERMANY.

CHAPTER I.

Landing—Cassel by daylight, and Cassel by moonlight —Belgian bipeds and quadrupeds.

Calais, June 27th, 1836.

A FEW miles of water crossed,—two hours gentle heaving upon a clear blue surface scarcely disturbed with a ripple,—and all is changed!

The difference between the two countries strikes forcibly the moment one catches a glimpse of the pier. Instead of the orderly, demure-looking English girl, with her close cottage bonnet and sober-coloured dress, there is the poissarde with her scarlet boddice and short blue petticoat, her cap flying back from

her merry bronzed face, and her long gold earrings glancing in the sun. Groups of them are scattered about in every direction, in the most picturesque variety; the young chattering, laughing, and bandying jests with the young seamen in their blue and striped night-caps, the old gossipping together, crouched in oriental-like attitudes. And then the men, how different their thin, eager, intelligent faces, full of vivacity and curiosity, from the round, smooth, matter-of-fact, business-like physiognomy of John Bull!

There is a strong resemblance between the French and Irish—the same sort of nonchalant, lounging *disposition à s'amuser*, the same propensity to mind every one's business except their own, the same sort of complexion, so unlike the brilliant red and white hues that strike the attention of a visiter of the land of roast beef. There is something quite extraordinary in the degree of cleanliness of which an English face is susceptible. I know not how it is, but soap and water certainly do not seem to produce the same effect on any other skin; whether it be the manner of the ablutions, or their frequency, or the nature of the surface

on which they are applied, I cannot say, but certain it is, that no physiognomy in the world takes a washing, and shows a washing, like an Englishman's.

It is very amusing to trace the difference between the two people—the English and French, I mean. We had a specimen of the former on board the steamer which brought us ~~this~~ this morning from Dover, who was quite the beau ideal of John Bullish reserve and exclusiveness. He buttoned up his coat, drew his travelling-cap down over his face, put his hands into his pockets, and paced the deck with his mouth hermetically sealed, as if every feeling and faculty were close secured under a Bramah lock. What a contrast to the young Frenchman seated on the bench at a little distance, who has just taken so animated and affectionate a farewell of the two ladies waving their handkerchiefs on the pier! His hat is off, his lips slightly apart, as though about to break into a smile, while his eye wanders round upon his fellow voyagers with a sort of anxious sympathy in its expression.

There is nothing so attractive as this disposition to enter into the feelings of others. It is

so kindly, so benevolent, so beautiful—forgetting self, to "weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice." There is something almost divine in the feeling, and indeed it is the object and glory of religion to produce it.

From Calais we came to Cassel, through Ardres and St. Omer. Nothing could be more lovely than the day and the drive. The country was highly cultivated, and the crops rich and luxuriant to the greatest degree. One might well say, the valleys stood so thick with corn that they seemed to laugh and sing, and the air was redolent with the exquisite perfume of the bean fields in full blossom and the newly mown clover. We were charmed with the profusion and the bright colours of the wild flowers as we passed along. Poppies of the most splendid scarlet, were mixed with the beautiful blue of the corn flower, the large white convolvolus, and delicate meadow-sweet. The fields were full of people, especially women in their gay dresses and caps of snowy white, or coloured calico.

The laborious occupations of the women are very striking to an English eye. The great

fatigues they undergo, and their exposure without bonnets to the scorching sun, is probably the reason why they become old and ugly so soon. An old Frenchwoman is certainly unique; it is hardly possible to conceive such a complete network of wrinkles: we saw some today who looked more like Egyptian mummies than anything else.

French posting is very amusing. The four heavy-looking, long-tailed horses, with their rope harness, which were attached to the carriage at Calais, seemed hardly to promise the speed at which they afterwards proceeded: it was curious to watch the countenance of the London footman on the rumble, as he eyed the uncouth trappings, with a mixed expression of astonishment, pity, and contempt.

From Ardres to la Récousse, we had two post-boys the most truly French that can be imagined. The driver of the wheel-horses was a shrivelled, skinny, dried-up old fellow, who was almost entirely swallowed up in his huge boots; every particle of flesh seemed to have vanished in his laborious vocation, and nothing but sinew remained; his thin face was full of vivacity, and two small, bright black eyes,

twinkled from their hollow sockets, with an expression of irresistible drollery.

His comrade on the leaders, which, by the way, were at a most respectable distance from the other horses, was a young, scampish-looking hero. His hat was perched on the top of his head, and his huge mouth distended from ear to ear, as he flourished his whip over his head with all the glee of a schoolboy. The old man entered into the fun with fully as much spirit as his companion, and whenever the horses relaxed for a moment, we could see the latter turn round to him with a grin of encouragement, which elongated his mouth until every tooth in his head was visible. Then ensued a fresh and most vigorous cracking and flourishing of whips, and our old friend bumped away at full gallop at a prodigious rate. Any one, to have seen them, would have thought they were two wild urchins escaped from school, and engaged in some mad holiday freak, instead of people pursuing an every-day, and certainly not a little fatiguing vocation. But what will not a light heart and buoyant spirits effect?

Nothing can be imagined more lovely than

the view from the inn at Cassel. The town stands so high that you can see it almost the whole way from St. Omer, standing out from the sky, and backed by a whole row of tall windmills. The latter are very frequent all along the road, and, judging from the bread-eating propensities of the people, there must be ample occupation for all. You scarcely meet a man, woman, or child, that has not a huge piece of bread in his or her hand.

A long winding hill, which lasted, I should think, full two miles, led us to the town. When we drove into the courtyard of la Belle Sauvage, or la Belle Vue Hotel, as it is otherwise most appropriately named, the steps of the carriage were let down by a buxom, good-humoured, rosy-cheeked damsel, in her neat crimped cap, short smart jacket of bright scarlet, and white tablier à poches. While she was bustling about and getting dinner, we delighted ourselves with the surpassing loveliness of the view from the little wooden balcony outside the salon.

The whole of that rich and luxuriant country was stretched at our feet, like a vast map. We seemed suspended over it as in some aerial

gallery, looking down upon the towns, villages, woods, and fields, that sprang up in every direction, far as the eye could reach. The nearer prospect was as varied as it was beautiful. Corn-fields and rich meadows, intersected with winding roads, that looked like narrow foot-paths,—rich grassy slopes in which the cattle were luxuriously reclining,—gardens, with the white cap of a peasant girl, or the bright blue frock worn by the men, glancing through the flowers or foliage,—groups of tall trees, with here and there a church-tower, or the high-tiled picturesque roof of a cottage shining in the evening sun,—wreaths of light blue smoke curling gracefully upward against a back-ground of dark verdure, all these—but why do I attempt to describe what is really indescribable? One must stand on the balcony of the salon Belle Vue in order to judge of the prospect, for nothing else will give any idea of its charms.

There is something peculiarly delightful in the sounds that reach the ear when standing on a height. They come from below blended in such beautiful harmony, softened by distance, and rising upwards in such indistinct

and musical murmurs. It was quite a luxury to *listen* as we leaned over the wooden railings in that still evening hour. The song of the birds came floating upwards from the tops of the tall trees beneath, together with the lowing of the cattle in some quiet valley a little farther off. Then there were the chimes from some church-tower, and now and then the sharp shrill bark of a dog in the distance. Nearer, rose the busy hum of children's voices, and the gay laugh of the young peasants from the fragrant gardens close beneath our feet.

We obeyed with regret the summons of our active attendant in the scarlet jacket, who came to call us from the enjoyment of this enchanting scene, to do homage to the table she had been covering with true foreign profusion. The dinner was a long business—we thought the demoiselle would never have done bringing in dishes; soup, fish, bouilli, fricandeau, perdrix, poulets au petits pois well sugared, and a dozen other dishes of meats and vegetables, kept succeeding each other until we began to wonder when we should get to the fresh and dried fruits, and various confectionaries of a French dessert.

We intended to have started from Cassel next morning, but there was something so seductive in the quiet loveliness of this delicious spot, that we resolved on devoting a day to it. One of its great advantages is, that without stirring from the window of the hotel you can enjoy all the beauty and luxury of the place without the trouble of going out exploring or sight-hunting. After breakfast we strolled up to an eminence from whence the view is more extensive, more astonishing perhaps, but I think not so beautiful as that from the balcony. Thirty-two towns, and more than a hundred villages, are said to be visible from this spot, where the eye takes in a circuit of sixty miles. Ostend, Dunkirk, &c. were plainly to be seen, with the sea in the distance, and the various steamers sending up their columns of smoke against the horizon.

Close to Cassel is the beautiful château built by the Général Vandamme, so distinguished in the campaigns of Napoleon, and who, by the varying fortune of war, was made prisoner, and sent to pass a year in Siberia, after the loss of the battle of Culm. He was born at Cassel, and has bequeathed to his

native city a monument of his taste in this château and grounds.

The latter are beautifully laid out, every tree being planted by himself, most of them of foreign growth, and transported there at considerable expense. The parterres and jardins anglais are, perhaps, a little too profusely adorned with marble statues, vases, &c., to please an English eye; but the whole is in perfect keeping with the style of the château.

It was with a melancholy interest we walked through them after learning that the proprietor, son to General Vandamme, had only a few days before expired at Ghent in the thirtieth year of his age. It was a solemn warning of the vanity and uncertainty of the fairest earthly possessions. Everything around was blooming,—full of life and beauty,—the roses were opening to the brilliant sunshine, rejoicing the eye with their delicate hues, and regaling the smell with their perfume,—multitudes of gold and silver fishes were darting through the lakes and basins, or leaping to the surface to catch the flies hovering in the sun, —groups of beautiful water-fowl of various kinds were lying under the shade of the trees,

some floating in drowsy luxury on [illegible] still water, while others were tending their young ones in little wooden houses on the banks. Every shady nook and sunny glade of this little paradise teemed with life and enjoyment; and he, the youthful owner of these fair scenes, had been summoned prematurely to leave them all. The few particulars of this young man, which we could gather from our guide, were very interesting. He was the only son of the widowed lady of Vandamme, and had been a long time ill. Some years before he had fallen in love with a young lady in Ghent, where he had possessions; they were to have been married.

"Ah! comme elle était belle, cette jeune dame!" said the man. Everything was arranged,—the time fixed,—when she took a fever, and in three days was no more! Monsieur was never the same afterwards! Cela l'a touché," he added, pointing to his heart, with an expression and gesture of true French sentiment; "mais oui, je crois bien, cela l'a touché."

Every thing in the house was sealed, so that we could not see the furniture and suites

of rooms, which we were told were very splendid. Their late lord bequeathed a large revenue to the aunt who watched over him with unremitting tenderness during his long illness. He likewise left considerable annual sums to the public charities and poor of Cassel, besides providing for all his old domestics. It is therefore supposed the charming château, with all its appendages, will be sold. If so, it will probably fall into English hands, as it is a residence fit for a man of any fortune, and only two short days' journey from London.

I shall not easily forget the last night passed at Cassel. The windows of my room were upon the balcony, and before going to rest I threw open the casement to enjoy a last look at the loveliness beneath.

The night was superb, the moon high in the heavens, shining bright and clear, and a few silvery clouds floating around her. It had been oppressively hot all day, but now a breeze had sprung up, and the trees were waving gently under its influence with that soft undulating sound that comes so musically upon the ear, like the distant murmur of the ocean on the sea-shore. There is nothing so sooth-

ing, so refreshing to the spirit, as the rustle of the night breeze through the thousand leaves of the forest, and I never felt its charm steal so sweetly upon me as when gazing on that enchanting prospect,--those valleys sleeping in the quiet moonshine. All was so calm, so still, so pure, so heavenly, I could have stood there for ever!

My thoughts, by a natural transition, rose from these fair scenes to the great Being whose beautiful work they were. Silently they were telling his praises; but, oh! how impressive was that voiceless eloquence! And I — an atom, a speck on the surface of the vast creation, was permitted to lift up my feeble voice in adoration with theirs. I felt assured—I knew from evidence that admitted not of a doubt, that the faintest breathings of my poor human heart could reach the footstool of the Omnipotent. It was almost too much,—too great an effort for weak faith, to turn from the surpassing wonders of his almighty hand, and say, "And this is my Father, my Friend; he who with amazing condescension guides and directs my steps, and deigns to hear me when I plead before him for the loved, the absent."

Adieu, lovely Cassel,—lovely when thy luxuriant beauties are sparkling in the noon-day sun,—lovelier still when they lie veiled beneath the moonbeams.

It was with a pang that I turned away from the window, for the idea flashed into my mind, —"I shall never look upon that scene again." But why should I regret?—what right has a traveller, a way-farer, a pilgrim, bound for a distant and a better country, to sigh for what is left behind? Is it not written on every spot of this fair earth, "This is not your rest!"

The country between Cassel and Lille is very interesting. Such sweet pictures of rural life met our eyes at every instant, that we could not withdraw them from the scene without, and our books remained undisturbed in the carriage-pockets. The cottages are most picturesque; high roofs, partly thatched, and partly covered with shining tiles of a beautiful brown, which glisten and sparkle in the sunshine. In most cases these tiles form a sort of veranda to the cottage, with vines running along it. Florian's exquisite pastoral descriptions were brought constantly into my

mind by the little farms and *métairies* we passed—they were perfect in their way. Farming utensils hanging up under the shade of the verandas,—pots and pans of shining brass or brown glazed china, or other articles of cottage furniture, were grouped together in a way that would have delighted the eyes of a Teniers or a Gerard Dow. Then there were the beautiful dark-red cattle standing under the trees, and goats tethered at the door.

But I ought not to exclude the "human face divine" from the picture, inasmuch as it formed no inconsiderable part of the charm. Indeed, if the costume of the peasantry, and its colouring, had been arranged by an artist, I doubt whether the effect would have been more picturesque or beautiful. They were all busily engaged in their rural labours, except here and there where a whole party might be seen stretched in various attitudes asleep amongst the new-mown hay.

One old woman at a cottage-door particularly attracted our attention, from the exquisite neatness and beauty of her Teniers-like costume. The small Dutch cap plaited close to the cheeks was of the most unsullied white; she

had a striped blue petticoat, quilted boddice of a different colour, and the full short linen chemise-sleeves, so well known in the old Flemish paintings; her scarlet neckerchief looked just out of the folds, and was put on without a wrinkle—there were plenty in the old dame's face. Spotless white stockings, velvet shoes with buckles, and the flowered cotton cloak, folded neatly across her arm, completed this very correct and pretty costume.

As we approached the frontiers, Flemish began to replace the French over the inn and shop-doors, and on the affiches. At Bailleul all the women and girls were making lace, seated in groups outside the doors, looking, in their gay dresses, like so many little parterres of flowers. Apropos to the latter, I noticed a pretty blushing girl a little apart from the others with a beautiful bunch of roses laid on her weaving pillow. They were probably the offering of a young man who stood close beside her, and of whom, though she kept her eyes on her fingers, she seemed to be thinking much more than of her work.

A taste for flowers appears very prevalent among the peasantry. The most magnificent

cactus I ever beheld were in some of the cottage windows at Armentières. At first I imagined they might be rare even here, but on going on a short way farther, I saw a dirty-faced little urchin in its mother's arms tearing in pieces a splendid flower of this kind, which would have been the glory of an English conservatory, and have excited the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, of all the rival florists in the neighbourhood. Strange it is that flowers, a taste for which one would imagine to be the purest and most innocent in the world, should, on the contrary, call so many evil feelings into action. There are many brilliant exceptions to this observation, but who has not remarked the jealousy and exceeding selfishness of flower-fanciers in general?

Ever since we left Cassel, we had been, as it were, passing through pictures; living, moving, breathing pictures of Teniers and Wilkie. It was delightful to look on the realisation of what had so often fascinated us on canvass. No wonder the Flemish painters excelled in their art—there is something so peculiarly picturesque in the scenes they dwelt among and loved to delineate, that these could

not fail of calling forth every latent spark of genius in their nature. Then the colouring is so rich, so vivid, and produces such beautiful contrasts. We were never wearied of admiring the groups of pots and pans lying outside the farm-houses,—their forms graceful in the highest degree, and in endless variety, and all of them of course quite new to us. The colours too are as varied and picturesque as the shapes. Besides the sienna brown we are so familiar with at home, there is a sort of bright peculiar green, a pale yellow and lead-colour. A Flemish crockery-ware stall is certainly a study for a painter.

For several miles before we reached Lille, the dwellings that had so long delighted our eyes began to diminish in number, and soon ceased altogether. It was like descending from the poetry of life to its prose, quitting these beautiful pastoral scenes for a manufacturing district. In turning the angle of a road, we came suddenly upon a complete forest of windmills—there could not have been less than two hundred, all close to each other, and the effect of so many wheels in rapid motion was quite dazzling. They were employed in the manufacture of rape oil.

We met several large flocks of sheep on the road. I was struck by their shape, which differs very much from the English, and here again the old Flemish paintings, and particularly those on scriptural subjects, where sheep are so often introduced, recur perpetually to the mind. The whole outline of the animal is far more graceful than in those of our country, and in the curve of the head especially, there is a beauty and an expression of meekness quite peculiar to themselves. The thousand touching images and ideas inseparable from a flock of sheep, seem to be suggested with double force by these.

I know not whether it be from the associations with the sacred paintings before-mentioned, or from something about the animal itself; but it seems impossible to look at these beautiful creatures, such perfect emblems of patience and gentleness, without feeling the thoughts involuntarily revert to the Lamb without spot, to Him who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities—who was oppressed and was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth,—brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

Each flock was always attended by two guardians in the persons of a couple of grey shaggy dogs with curling tails and sharp-pointed ears. I have a love for everything in the shape of a dog, but these were really the most interesting I ever met with, so full of character and intelligence. I could not help thinking, as I watched their zeal and fidelity in the care of their fleecy charge, that many a valuable lesson might be learned from them by the bipeds of the creation. There was an anxious watchfulness, a devotion of themselves and withal a sort of *inquiring* deference and submission to their superior, the shepherd, that was well worth studying.

I trembled for one poor fellow whose charge were proceeding along the road by the side of a high hedge. We were driving as usual near the hedge to avoid the pavé, which forms the centre of Belgian roads,—and the dog threw himself between the flock and the wheels of the carriage, running backwards and forwards so close to the latter that I felt sure every instant he would have been crushed under them. He was so intent on guarding the sheep that he did not seem to think of his

own danger, though we were going at a gallop, and the postilions cracking their formidable whips. The noble creature! I longed to caress him!

In another place a large flock were standing still by the road side, while the shepherd, overcome probably by the broiling heat of the sun, had lain down to sleep under the shade of a large tree. The faces and movements of these two dogs when the carriage approached were most expressive. They seemed quite aware that all the responsibility devolved upon them in the present emergency, and their eager, anxious, sharp countenances contrasted curiously with the meek, quiet-looking sheep, and the still, sleeping face of the shepherd.

We constantly overtook droves of pigs, guarded by the same kind of dogs, and these unruly subjects certainly put their sagacity and talents to the proof. I never saw such hideous pigs—not that any one would think of looking for beauty among the swinish multitude, but these outdid their brethren of any other place in ugliness; long, lanky, meagre, distorted-looking things, quite at variance with all the ideas I had formed of a Flemish pig, which I

imagined would be a round, plump, respectable personage, in very comfortable circumstances. Some of them had a sort of wooden triangular collar over the head and neck, which would have surprised an Irish pig not a little, and been considered by him a sad infringement of his rights. "Liberté et Egalité" ought certainly to be the motto of the grunting community in Ireland; not only are they on a perfect level with their owner, but free to go in and out of his domicile at their pleasure, and wherever else their erratic tastes may lead them.

At Lille we stopped to dine. There was a fair going on in the town, which is always interesting, as, besides being so gay and pretty a sight in itself, it affords an opportunity for seeing the costume, merchandise, and habits of the place.

We were amused at the quantity of eating going on in the street, very unlike indeed the business-like, systematic meals of England. Some of the venders of the different wares were feasting on vegetables, soups, and fruit, without in the least allowing their dinner to interrupt them in their vocation. Others, less luxurious, added only a small piece of cheese

or of meat to the universal thick slice of brown bread. Many were dining while walking along the street on what Cowper calls "a Roman meal," only that instead of "a *radish* and an egg," the former was replaced by the aforesaid staff of life, the egg boiled hard, being emptied of its contents by means of a pocket knife, or any other instrument that chanced to be at hand.

The country between Lille and Brussels is deficient in beauty, being flat and not well wooded. The peasantry look poor, and rags and bare feet are very common. The wooden shoes they wear, must, I should think, be the most inconvenient things imaginable. They are immensely large, often out of all proportion to the feet that are put into them, and being low behind like a slipper, the heel comes in and out at every step. It is surprising how they can get on as fast with such incumbrances. I observed one sprightly-looking, rosy-faced damsel, who had come out of a farmhouse with a jug of something for the mowers in a distant meadow—she ran by the side of the carriage for some way, clattering along with her

wooden shoes and keeping up wonderfully. At length she kicked off these clumsy hindrances, and catching them up in her hands à l'irlandaise, without stopping, bounded on with the speed of an Atalanta, and was with the mowers at the bottom of a long field, before the carriage had arrived opposite the place where they were at work.

CHAPTER II.

Brussels—Noises at the Belle-vue—Hospice des Vieillards—Arembert palaces.

BRUSSELS is full of associations, both ancient and modern, and it is impossible to enter a town so fraught with historical interest, without calling to mind some of the remarkable events of which it has been the scene.

The general appearance of the place is lively and bustling, and the houses in the upper town are very handsome residences, many having beautiful gardens at the back. The public buildings too are fine, and from the windows of our hotel, the Belle-vue, you see the Parc Royale, which in the evening, when crowded with people, looks exceedingly pretty; the many-coloured dresses moving among the trees, and the groups of militaires,

of which the town is full, have a gay and picturesque effect.

The square in front of this hotel was one of the principal scenes of conflict during the revolution of 1830. They show you a print representing the condition of the rooms we occupied, which look on the Parc Royale, after the eventful days of September 23—26; the whole suite of apartments was demolished, the walls, ceilings, looking-glasses and furniture, being perforated by cannon-ball in all directions.

You cannot move a step in Brussels without symptoms of the late revolution being pointed out to you. Here are the holes made by the cannon fired by the bourgeois at the Antwerp gate; there the window where the unfortunate Lord Blantyre was killed; and further on, the spot where the cavalry were hemmed in, while chairs, iron pots, and stoves with burning coals still in them, were thrown down upon their heads from the windows.

The old town, with its picturesque old houses and charming market-place, had infinitely more attractions for us than the palaces and modern buildings of the new. This morning we went

down to the Grande Place, and spent a considerable time in admiring the curious old Spanish buildings, as well as watching the endless variety of the tableau vivant before our eyes. The fresh smell of the fruits and vegetables, and the perfume of the beautiful flowers that were spread out for sale on every side, were delightful.

Then the groups of people in their gay and picturesque costume, some buying, some selling, others lounging about and looking at the various wares that filled the stalls. Their animated gestures, and altogether the lively and scenic effect of the whole thing, so completely in character with the *Place* itself, was enchanting.

Nor did it want the charm of association;—it was here, in an old house, which was pointed out to us, and where he had taken refuge, that the unfortunate Egmont was made prisoner. He was taken across the square to the Hotel de Ville, where he was condemned, and afterwards executed in the market-place.

The Hotel de Ville is a curious building erected by the Spaniards, with a lofty tower, at the top of which stands Saint Michel, "*le*

patron de Bruxelles." There is some tapestry in the rooms which is worth seeing: in the Salle des Mariages, the History of Clovis, first king of France, is briefly told on the four walls of the apartment. There is his baptism—his marriage with Clotilde — the wedding feast—and his death. At one glance the whole story of a life is seen,—but one short step from the cradle to the grave—so soon passeth it away and we are gone! Even the tapestry that records the events over which so many years have rolled their obliterating course, is now fading, and falling into decay.

We were quite sorry to turn our backs upon the sort of enchantment that seems to hang over the ancient portion of the town, and retrace our steps up the Rue Montagne de la Cour to our hotel.

This is certainly the noisiest place we ever were in. The variety of sounds that besiege our ears from morning till night, without intermission, is utterly indescribable. First and highest on the list of annoyances is the ceaseless roll of the carriages on the dreadfully rough and uneven pavement, which is at times

almost intolerable; then, when it is remembered that all the business and pleasure of foreign life are transacted in the street, and that the actors therein are neither very taciturn nor tranquil in their habits, one may form some idea of the concert of talking, laughing, singing, shouting, clattering of sabots, jingling of bells on the cart-horses, cracking of postilion's whips, squalling of children, who are either chattering or fighting in their loud guttural Flemish,—in short, one may imagine some of the component sounds of the Babel that distract us during the day.

In the evening, some truce to the noise might reasonably be expected. Not at all. At one window there appears a girl, who commences singing at the fullest pitch of a shrill voice, and entirely through her nose, a song, to which another plays an accompaniment on a miserable harp in a different key. Before the next croisée, perhaps, is a man grinding the barcarole in Massaniello on a barrel-organ, while a little further on, a group of musicians are executing the galloppe in Gustave; the double-bass scorning to have his genius fettered by the ordinary rules of harmony, standing out in

bold independence at least three bars before the others, and asserting his superiority by completely drowning their strains. If all could be drowned in the same way, it would be well for the luckless ears that have to bear them. I am sure Hogarth took his idea of the "Enraged Musician" from the window of the Bellevue hotel at Brussels.

But this is not all; as the evening advances, every bell from every church in the town begins to chime, and then, pour comble de malheur, at nine o'clock, the troops beat the retreat in the *Place* just under the croisées; it generally is a signal for *our* retreat, as well as for the militaires, as in common justice to our unfortunate ears, after all they have gone through, we are obliged to bear them off out of reach of the piercing fifes and thundering drums into the farthest end of our suite of rooms.

The soldiers, however, are quietly at rest in their casernes, long before our organs of hearing can obtain any. The cool night-breezes bring the whole population into the streets *pour respirer le frais;* and though every mouth masculine is invariably furnished with a cigar, it

by no means prevents said mouth from singing, shouting, and laughing, — or the softer and more loquacious lips, that have no such appendage, from affording their usual quota of shrill replies. Thus the hum of voices, and ceaseless tramp of feet, continue long hours after the sun has set, to "vex the drowsy ear of night."

To my mind, one of the most interesting sights of Brussels is the Etablissement des Vieillards in the Rue du Grand Hospice. A more delightful retreat for old age cannot be imagined; and any one who takes pleasure in the welfare of others, and to whom the sight of so many of their poor fellow-creatures made comfortable and happy in the evening of their days would be gratifying, should by no means omit visiting this excellent institution. "Ils sont bien logés, n'est ce pas?" said our guide, as we went in, and in truth it was a palace we were entering.

After crossing a small court, we came to a beautiful garden, with broad gravel-walks, and full of flowers; this was appropriated to the men, one of exactly the same size being at

the other extremity of the building for the women. There are six hundred persons in the institution, which is supported by legacies that have been left it at different periods. These are divided into three classes. The *Vieillards*, who are not admissible before the age of seventy-five; the *Infirmes*, who may come in at sixty; and the *Incurables*, who are admitted at any age. These last are in a separate building altogether from the others, and have everything apart; and here the sick and the dying are removed the moment the first symptoms of indisposition appear. We did not visit this quarter of the institution—few can brook the sad spectacle of poor humanity, arrived at its last helpless and hopeless stage—

"In second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

We went into the kitchen, where all the cooking for six hundred persons goes on, just at the moment they were sending in dinner. It was curious to see such a vast number of plates, all pewter,—and the multitudes of people busily employed in filling them; they were then

placed in a truck with five or six shelves, one above the other—each truck being carried off between two men into the salle à manger.

It was Saturday, therefore à *jour maigre*, and the dinners consisted of a smoking plate of nice new potatoes with sauce, and boiled eggs; they looked quite tempting, so clean, and well cooked. Each old lady has a bottle of beer per day, and the men two bottles each. They have meat of all sorts, excepting on the jours maigres, and vegetables, and get three meals in the day. We went into the women's dining-room, and there saw them all in their neat, picturesque dresses, seated at long tables,—eagerly attacking the eatables that were placed before them.

It was really a delightful sight, so many happy-looking people, with all their wants and comforts amply provided for. The greater part were the most lively, merry old dames I ever saw, who nodded and smiled at us with great good-humour, and applied themselves to the good things before them with considerable goût. There were comparatively but a few who seemed peevish and discontented, and examined the contents of their plates with que-

rulous and suspicious looks. The chapel is on the same floor with the dining-rooms, and overhead are the dormitories; these are most extensive, lofty, well ventilated, and kept beautifully clean, with rows of nice little beds, the bedsteads being of iron, for the vieillards.

The *Lingérie*, or room where all the clothes and linen are kept, is a very curious place. Rows of open shelves in étages from the floor to the ceiling, are placed across the room, with a space between to walk in. These shelves are all divided into compartments, and ticketed, each division containing a different article of dress—in one are the men's shirts, in the next the corresponding garment of a feminine toilette; then the stockings; farther on the gay-coloured cravats, or shawls, or pocket-handkerchiefs, and the bright scarlet and blue-striped jackets of the women; in short, every article of dress had its separate compartment, and the neatness, order, and perfect regularity of the whole made a charming coup d'œil. The dresses too were so pretty, one could not possibly have a better place for studying costume.

Every one who comes into the hospice is

provided with two complete suits of clothes, one for week-days, the other for Sundays. They are repaired and kept in the nicest order, the faded and mended garments being put aside for those who are unable to leave their rooms. The other old persons are at full liberty to go out into the town, when and where they please. If they can work, and choose to do so, there is a large salle where every trade may be followed —in short, old age is honoured in this delightful institution with every sort of ease and indulgence.

The immediate superintendents are a *directeur* and his wife, who have been over the establishment for upwards of thirty years. The latter seems admirably well calculated for the arduous situation, and is a fat, bustling, jolly, good-humoured Flamande.

I could not help admiring the tact and good-nature with which she soothed the waywardness of a poor creature who had that day come into the establishment. Marianne was a wretched cripple, and the excessive pride combined with her misery, exhibited a strange picture of poor human nature. It was evidently quite against her will she accepted the aid of

the institution, and to soothe her feelings a little, the good lady had allowed her to keep on her own clothes for a day or two.

We found the poor distorted creature seated on a low stool, busily employed in *improving the shape* of the chemise belonging to the hospice suit, and actually trimming the sleeves with a sort of coarse lace. She showed it with great complacency, descanting with a toss of her mis-shapen head on the "toilettes charmantes" she had been accustomed to. Madame, glancing slyly at us, extolled the work, exclaiming, with a shrug of the shoulders, as soon as we were out of sight, "A-t on jamais vu rien de pareil? une malheureuse comme celle-là avec les manches garnies!" (Was ever such a thing heard of? a creature like that with trimmed sleeves!)

Poor Marianne! how much of the vanity of this world, though not apparently as absurd as thine, is, after all, in itself, nearly as inconsistent!

After we had been all over the establishment, the good-natured lady made us sit down in her apartments, which were very pretty, overlooking the charming gardens of the hospice. Here she and her husband gave us some information

about the internal economy of the place. The calculation was, they said, that about eightpence per day amply covered the expenses of each individual,—food, clothing, physician, medicines, &c., besides defraying the cost of keeping up the establishment.

"And their poor souls," thought I, "how are *their* concerns attended to?" for in truth, the sight of six hundred immortal beings thus, in the common course of nature, on the brink of eternity, standing even now on the very verge of that grave where there is no device, or wisdom, or repentance, was an awful consideration.

"Is there a priest attached to the hospice, madame?" I inquired.

"Non—a curé comes three times a week to perform mass—and that is all."

"But is there no one who reads to these poor old people, or talks to them about the great change that must soon befal them?"

The good lady stared at me, and shrugged her shoulders: "Mais, mon Dieu, non: que voulez-vous? The priests are not paid for that,—they do nothing for nothing, ces Messieurs là,—no such people for money as the priests."

My thoughts, as she spoke, flew back "across the wave" to some of the untiring and zealous labourers in the Lord's vineyard in our own country;—they who were devoting their youth, their strength, their every energy, with heart and soul, to the service of their divine Master. What a field would this, "white already to harvest," be for the exercise of their indefatigable labours of love. It might indeed be said of these poor old people, "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few," for no man cared for their souls.

On our return to the hotel we found there the young prince héréditaire de Saxe Cobourg et Gotha, and his brother Prince Albert. They were known to my companions, and had come to call, accompanied by their tutor; their father, the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, brother to the Duchess of Kent, having left Brussels the day before. They are very interesting young men, with all the German *goodness* in their faces and manner. Prince Albert is taller than his brother, and very prepossessing; his handsome face, besides the kind expression which is common to both brothers, being brightened with the greatest animation and intelligence.

The king and queen of the Belgians are now absent from Brussels. Leopold does not seem so popular as the Prince of Orange, perhaps on the principle that when we have lost a thing we begin to find in it a thousand perfections undiscovered before. Every one, however, seems indignant at the malicious reports circulated respecting the domestic happiness of the royal pair not being as perfect as it might,—their child being deformed, of weak intellects, and so forth. On the contrary, they affirm that at the palace, "c'est le meilleur ménage du monde," and the little prince is a lovely child, plump and rosy as a young Cupidon, and full of life and spirits.

July 3rd.—We have been to see the palace of the Duc d'Arembert, whose beautiful château, near Enghien, we passed on our road from Lille to Brussels. The duke and his family are now staying there. Multitudes of workmen are at present employed at the palace on the extensive additions and improvements that are being made by the duke. The latter is very rich, and to add to his wealth, the estates of the late Prince d'Arembert will, on the death

of the present possessor, devolve upon the family of the duke.

The palace is full of objects of vertû—bronzes, statues, antiques, &c. Of the latter, the greatest curiosity is the original head of Laocoon, belonging to the group at Rome, that now on the latter not being the one done for it. This splendid head is in perfect preservation, not a line or muscle of the face having suffered. The agonized expression of the features,—the horror conveyed by the writhing of the neck, and the workings of deadly fear about the mouth, are terrible. A hundred and fifty thousand francs were offered by Napoleon for this chef-d'œuvre, which has been in the possession of the Arembert family forty years. This is the first season strangers have been permitted to see it. Close by is a cast of the head now on the group at Rome. It differs a little from the original in features, particularly about the mouth, which is more closed, and the countenance altogether is by no means so strongly expressive of suffering.

There is a collection of paintings in this palace. A small one of Rembrandt,—the Adoration of the Shepherds,—is exquisite. The

whole of the light comes from the body of the child, and is strongly reflected on the head and throat of the Virgin, more faintly on the group of kneeling shepherds, and just touches the figure of Joseph in the back-ground.

Another very interesting painting is of the Flemish school by Dietrieg—it represents a pedlar at a cottage door—an old woman is choosing stuff, and her countenance, with the business-like and suspicious manner in which she is feeling it between her fingers, are natural to the greatest degree—you actually hear her bargaining. The artless admiration and delight of a boy who is standing close by her, contrast strongly with the old lady's face.

Among the paintings is a portrait of the father of the present Duke d'Arembert, which it is impossible to look at without interest, and without a sigh for the sad fate which consigned him, in the flower and spring-time of his days, to pass the remainder of life under a privation the most grievous that flesh is heir to. He was struck blind by the flash of a gun at the age of twenty-four. What adds to this calamity is that the deed was done by the hand of his particular friend, Lord Gordon. The Duke was

married but the year before, and never saw any of his children! This deplorable accident did not disfigure him, and there is in his countenance and half-closed eyes that touching expression of patient melancholy which is so often seen in the blind.

The Prince d'Arembert, uncle to the present duke, whose death, at a very advanced age, took place about a year since, was a sad loss to Brussels—he was the most hospitable person possible, and his table was crowded every day. Every stranger who visited the town was invited by him, and even when he was on his death-bed a large party continued to assemble themselves there, at his earnest request. He was a man of great taste and an enthusiastic amateur of paintings. There are some beautiful ones in his collection.

In the salon is a small picture by Mieris, exquisitely finished—there are two figures, a woman selling fish, and a man, whose admiration seems to be divided between a turbot she is pointing out to his attention, and a basket of shrimps at his right hand. In the foreground is a bas-relief, the sober colouring of which throws out finely the vivid hues of the living figures.

Apropos to colouring, there is a picture in the small room adjoining the salon, quite a chef-d'œuvre in this respect—it is a cattle-piece by Van Stry—the time is evening, and the clouds, the landscape, the whole scene is touched with a light that is quite indescribable,—so rich, so glowing, you actually almost *feel* you are basking in the glorious rays of the setting sun.

There are two other fine paintings in the same room, one a woman counting money, by Gerard Dow, and the other a Rembrandt—Tobias restoring the sight of his father. Nothing can be more touching than the latter. Tobias, with a countenance full of hope and confidence, is operating on the eyes of his aged parent,—the picture of patient resignation and acquiescence; opposite the old man, and holding his hand clasped between both hers, sits his wife, gazing up into his face with the most intense and affectionate anxiety. A stream of light from behind rests on the figure of the angel, who is looking at the interesting family group with great tenderness and sympathy.

The Prince d'Arembert left one son, and on his death this branch of the family will become extinct. The present prince has a daughter,

who is said to be young and pretty, which, together with the inheritance of her father's principality and possessions, would, it should seem, constitute a lot the most alluring this world has to offer its votaries:—yet the young lady has renounced its pomps and vanities, and given a powerful proof of the subordinate place they held in her estimation by going into a convent.

CHAPTER III.

The Nun and the Doctor—Sœur Therèse; or, the fatal effects of a gentleman patient—The Orange Palace—Museum.

THERE are two or three convents at Brussels, but we had not time to see any. The strictest order of nuns is at a convent about a mile from the town, where the term of noviciate is from three to five years.

Some time since a young lady of good family and great beauty took the veil there: in consequence of her extreme youth her friends wished that her noviciate should continue the longest time prescribed; and it had nearly elapsed, and preparations were already begun for the ceremony of the black veil, when she was seized with a fever.

At first no danger was apprehended, but soon the complaint began to assume a more formidable appearance. The most experienced of the nuns exerted all their skill,—the *sœurs noires*, accustomed to the care of the sick, were sent for from a neighbouring convent. All was in vain—the alarming symptoms hourly increased—it was evident the beautiful novice was dying.

The news spread the greatest consternation among the sisters, by whom she was greatly beloved. What was to be done? It was terrible to suffer a creature so young and so lovely, on the eve too of fulfilling her vows, to perish for want of assistance, and yet there was but one alternative. In this extremity, and after anxious deliberation, the supérieures of the convent resolved on adopting it. The danger of the interesting sufferer so far overcame their scruples, that they consented to admit a *man* within their sacred precincts.

Monsieur le Docteur **** was the person recommended to the messenger, who arrived at full gallop in Brussels in quest of a physician. He was not perhaps exactly the individual the prudent lady abbess would have selected for

the occasion, but his reputation in the city was very high as a young man of great talents, and they told the messenger that if any one in Brussels could cure the invalid, he was the person, as he had already been extraordinarily successful in two or three fever cases.

This, however, was apparently the most hopeless that had yet fallen under his care. The awful symptoms of approaching death were already beginning to cloud the beautiful features of the novice when he was summoned to her bedside. But in fever, "while there is life there is hope," and, inspired by the latter, the young man exerted his skill to the utmost. Every remedy that so extreme a case could require was promptly resorted to, and the physician watched their effect with intense anxiety. For many days the result was doubtful—there was a fearful struggle, and the existence of the beautiful girl hung suspended between life and death.

At length, however, it pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to bless with success the exertions of the young physician. The dreaded crisis approached, and the sufferer lived through it! But though all immediate danger

was over, the réligieuse continued in a most precarious state, and her exhaustion was such that she still required unremitting watchfulness and skill. Her recovery was very slow, and as the doctor declared that the slightest relapse in her present weakened condition would prove fatal, he was permitted to continue his attendance.

With ceaseless and devoted anxiety did he watch over the gradual convalescence of his fair patient, and at length his cares were rewarded by seeing the bloom of health return to her beautiful cheek, and her smile resume its wonted brightness.

The lady abbess and the nuns were overjoyed; they began to hope the novice would now soon be sufficiently recovered to enable them to resume the preparations for the long-deferred event of taking the black veil: but when they spoke of this to Monsieur le Médecin, his countenance became suddenly clouded, and he said with the utmost professional solemnity, "that if mademoiselle were exposed to the fatigue and agitation of such a trying ceremony, he would not answer for the consequences."

The good ladies were sadly disappointed,

but they submitted at once; for the doctor had shown himself so exceedingly clever there was no appeal from his opinion. Indeed his prescriptions acted like magic. Every one remarked that the interesting invalid was like a different creature after a visit from her physician;—and if anything occurred to detain him away from the convent longer than usual, (which, however, was very seldom the case,) there was a visible change for the worse—her eyes lost their brilliancy, and she became restless and languid. There certainly was an extraordinary virtue in his medicines.

At last, however, the novice became so decidedly better, that even the ingenuity of her watchful attendant could no longer suggest any excuse for delaying the ceremony. When it was again proposed to him he acquiesced at once, and with a much better grace than might have been expected. The supérieure then signified to the young physician that his care would now be no longer necessary, and it was agreed that he should come next day to take leave of his patient, and give his final directions.

Next day came, but no Médecin made his

appearance. It was the first time he had failed in keeping an engagement, and Madame L'Abbesse was surprised. She went to the cell of the young girl to inquire what could be the reason, but it was empty.

" Ah c'est qu'elle est allée prendre le frais dans le jardin—la pauvre enfant, cela lui fera du bien." (" Ah ! she is doubtless gone to take the air in the garden, poor child ; that will do her good ;") and the good old lady waddled off to the garden of the convent. There was not a soul in it, except an old lay sister who was gathering simples to make a cure for the rheumatism.

The truth never once entered into the heads of the unsophisticated nuns, which was, that Monsieur le Docteur * * * had carried off his beautiful patient, who that very evening entered his house as his bride.

" And did not the lady suffer in public estimation from thus escaping from her convent ?" I inquired of the narrator of the above, who was acquainted with the physician and his wife.

" Mais non,—du tout. She had not taken the vows, you see, and is now a happy wife and

mother. Cela faisait rire un peu d'abord," was added with a shrug. "Après avoir été réligieuse pendant cinq années, vous concevez."

After all, Cupid is an intrusive and ubiquitous little urchin, who is not satisfied with confining himself to persons and places where he is lawfully welcome, but will be ever pushing his way where he has no business to be. Even the heavy robes of a nun cannot always protect the heart they cover, from feelings which seem destined by the beneficent Being who endued his creatures with them, to be legitimate tenants of the human breast.

The person who related the above anecdote, told me another of the same kind, also from personal knowledge.

The heroine of the story belonged to an order of nuns called the *Sœurs Noires*, who are not confined within the walls of a convent, but pass their time in attending on the sick and afflicted.

A diligence entering Brussels was overturned, some years since, and several of the passengers severely injured. Wherever good was to be done, or suffering assuaged, there

were the Sœurs Noires sure to be found, and accordingly numbers shortly appeared at the spot where the accident occurred, and accompanied the wounded to the various places where they were located. There was one gentleman so severely hurt as to be quite insensible, in which state he was carried to a neighbouring house, and la Sœur Therèse, remarkable among the sisterhood for her care and attention to the sick, was established as garde-malade to the poor invalid.

Perhaps there is no situation in the world in which a woman appears under so endearing a point of view as in that precise one in which the nun was placed. The sight of suffering, especially if the sufferer be *a man*, to whom, from his active habits and usually stronger health, illness and confinement are so peculiarly irksome, is calculated to draw forth her kindliest sympathies. Then the minute and nameless little thoughtful attentions, so gentle and unobtrusive, that they must be felt, not described; the soothing and anxious care that keeps its noiseless vigil by the side of the sick couch, brings into play all the latent tenderness which a thousand motives prompt her to

keep concealed in the hour of health and prosperity. Even the poet in those lines upon woman-kind, in which the praise is so qualified, that it is hard to know whether to interpret it as a compliment or a satire, concedes this much to the fair sex.

> " Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> When pain and sickness rend the brow,
> A ministering angel thou !

La Sœur Therèse, continued some time with the invalid. The nuns applied for her on several occasions to attend in different quarters where her services were required, but the gentleman peremptorily refused to give her up; he alleged, that he was not yet sufficiently re-established to dispense with his garde-malade. All the other sufferers from the overturn of the diligence had been cured long since, and the sœurs attending them employed in other duties. This illness, however, lasted so extraordinary a time, that the nuns began to think the accident of the fractured limbs had brought on some tedious chronic disease. They were not

quite so simple as our friend the good old abbess, having doubtless in going occasionally about this wicked world, learned some of the things that are said and done therein. They therefore investigated into the state of the gentleman's health, and found, to their great indignation, that Esculapius was *not* the divinity to whom for some time past he had been paying his vows. The unhappy Sœur Therèse was convicted of having staid away under false pretences, and moreover confessed that she had so far forgotten her profession, as to allow her patient to address her in the language of a lover.

Her punishment was dreadful. She was taken back to the convent and deprived of food for several days. Then, after being severely scourged with rods, her nun's habit was stripped off her, and with nothing but a sheet to protect her from the inclemency of the weather, she was turned out of the convent at midnight and left in the street. Poor Therèse was never heard of more. It is thought that the disgrace of her expulsion, added to all that she had suffered, so affected her mind, that she either died of the consequences, or put an end to herself.

The palace of the Prince of Orange is magnificent; the walls of most of the apartments are lined with marble, and the splendid vases, tables, &c., which adorn them, were sent from Russia, and presented by the Emperor Alexander to his brother-in-law.

On reaching the top of the grand staircase, you are called upon to take a lesson in an art which most people imagine they have been tolerable proficients in for at least some years, namely, that of learning to walk. Your feet are put into a sort of listing slippers, and as they are almost nothing but soles, it certainly does require a little instruction to enable you to get on in them. The guide, similarly shod, places himself at the head of the party of visitors, gives the word, "toujours en glissant, mesdames et messieurs," and away they all slide after him.

Verily if ever floors were worthy of such precaution, the parquets of the Orange palace deserve all the care that can be bestowed on them. They are beautiful,—inlaid with rose-wood and oak and a variety of other woods in all kinds of graceful patterns, and shining brighter than the marble walls or lapis lazuli tables. They indeed seem to have been never intended for the

vulgar purpose of being walked over, but according to the mode in which the latter operation is performed, the numerous visitors contribute to increase rather than dim their dazzling polish, as they skait over them in their soft slippers. The paintings in the palace are not numerous, but all of the first order.

We were sadly disappointed, after having gone through the state apartments, at finding that the private ones, so touchingly described by Mrs. Trollope, are no longer exhibited to strangers. In the midst of our vexation at this contre-tems, we could not but acknowledge the wisdom of the government in adopting this measure.

One might walk through those princely halls, all forlorn and tenantless though they be, without any very strong emotion being excited; for there is something cold and chilling in the aspect of state and magnificence, that checks the indulgence of the softer feelings. But when we come to witness the violent interruption of the every-day employments and pursuits of life, the endearing domestic circle broken into, and its members forced to fly from their hearth and home, while a thousand little marks of re-

cent occupation—the gloves, the pens still stained with ink, are left lying where they were carelessly thrown aside, to tell a tale of sudden desertion; all this must awaken a chord of sympathy in every breast. I should think the exhibition of the private apartments of the expelled king and queen, must have done more towards keeping up a feeling in their favour, and regret for their fate, than any other circumstance.

The Museum at Brussels is well worth seeing. There is a large collection of paintings, ancient and modern. As this was a public exhibition, Guillaume, our valet de place, who by the way was a most prepossessing specimen of his brotherhood, accompanied us while we were looking at them, which of course was not the case in the private collections; he always remained at the door of the house they were in until we came down again. His observations on the pictures were very amusing—they were rather above his ordinary sight-showing vocation, but he seemed to think himself in duty bound to say something, as, catalogue in hand, we stood before each.

"Ah! that picture with the cows! char-

mant, n'est ce pas? It was done by a certain Monsieur Cuyp; he was fond of drawing cows and sheep, and such like."

One painting there was which put poor Guillaume into a sad puzzle; the subject was Hagar and Ishmael in the desert, and we were admiring it when he came up to explain all particulars. He got on admirably well until he came to the name of Ishmael's father, which completely nonplussed him.

"Ma foi, c'est une histoire si ancienne, on s'en souvient à peine," ("Dear, that is such an old story, no one remembers it now,") and Guillaume rubbed his forehead, scraped his left foot against the floor, and took sundry other methods of refreshing his memory. All would not do, and spying a young girl at the other end of the room, he darted off to find out whether she might haply possess the necessary information. Mademoiselle shook her head; Guillaume slowly returned, and I heard him muttering over the names of all the patriarchs that had ever lived, in his way back. By the time he reached us his mind was made up.

"C'est *David*, mesdames, dont j'ai voulu vous parler. David a renvoyé ce jeune homme que

voilà avec sa mère Agar." ("It is David, ladies, of whom I meant to speak. David sent away that young man whom you see, with his mother Hagar.")

"Might it not have been Abraham?" I inquired.

"Ah, c'est possible—c'est bien possible aussi," was the reply, with a shrug.

Among the very old Dutch paintings, there were some most curious designs, particularly on scriptural subjects. One, Eve emerging from the ribs of Adam, was an extraordinary production: she is still up to her ancles in her spouse's side, and either the artist intended she should *grow* after her extraction from it, or else he must have had an awful idea of the physical preponderance of the lords of the creation over their helpmates, in those days.

There was another picture representing the massacre of the Innocents, which it was impossible to look at without laughing. It seems strange to connect any ludicrous ideas with this most heart-rending event of history sacred or profane; and yet I doubt whether the possessor of the largest bump of philoprogenitiveness extant, could keep his risible muscles from

dilating before this picture. The Innocents were the most absurd little creatures, the boys in starched ruffs, with nether garments of that ample width which gives such undue rotundity to a portion of the Dutch figure; the girls in thick quilted brocade petticoats, and crimped muslin caps, looking like their grandmothers in miniature.

One room in the Museum is devoted to the productions of living masters, and in the event of the artist's death, his works are removed into another salon. A picture here amused me very much; the subject the interior of a cottage at St. Jean, after the battle of Waterloo. A group in the foreground represents a young man who has been wounded, stretched on the floor, and while his wounds are being dressed, a young girl is assisting and bending over with anxious looks. There are several other sufferers scattered about; and so far, so good.

But in the back-ground, full before the eyes, appears a most unpicturesque object; a regular French bed, with white dimity curtains, and therein comfortably ensconced between the blankets, well tucked in, and with a very becoming night-cap, is seen a gentleman with his

head on his down pillow, and the clothes arranged under his chin in a most interesting manner.

"Who is that gentleman lying so snug in his French bed?" I asked Guillaume.

"O that is milord Anglesey after his leg was taken off; they could not put him on the ground like the others, *un mi-lord!* vous concevez!"

CHAPTER IV.

G——'s table—Dinner—Tea-equipage—Sunday abroad.

THE weather is so oppressively warm now, that it makes sight-seeing a sadly fatiguing business. It breaks in too on our little trio; dear. G—— is quite unequal to the exertion of going out during the day, and remains at the hotel while W—— and I brave the sun and sally forth to explore. I cannot say, however, that she is alone after the survey I have just been taking of her delightful though silent companions.

We returned this afternoon so heated and weary, that I was glad to throw myself down on the first sofa I found; too tired to read, to write, to speak, to take off my bonnet, in short, to do anything but think. For what fatigue

can quiet the *thoughts?* That busy, active, restless thing, the mind, is ever on the search for food, little caring how wind and weather, heat or weariness, affect its frail companion. Despite aching head or freezing feet, despite sickness, fatigue, or even sleep, it continues its ceaseless play.

There is often a kind of warfare kept up between the two allies, body and mind, that are inseparably tied and bound together for life. (Some malicious people pretend, but I know nothing about the matter, that this is sometimes the case between *other* parties linked in the same way till death does them part.) The worn out body yearns for repose which the mind will not allow it to enjoy; and the body in revenge weighs down and fetters the mind by its ailments and infirmities. Certainly there seems some spirit of contradiction between them, for the quieter the frame, the more busy and fidgetty invariably become the thoughts.

Mine, for want of other employment, began to exercise themselves on the contents of a table which stands opposite the sofa I was occupying in such a luxurious *dolce far niente* state. It is the one G—— has appropriated to

herself, and from which she had risen just before we came in.

At this present moment it is in that kind of delightful confusion, which tables will get into when everything is put on them as it happens to be wanted, and nothing cleared away.

How much of the mind, the tastes, and the pursuits of an individual may be gathered from a glance at the table at which they are in the habit of sitting. First, opposite the vacant chair, is the blotting-book and writing materials. As the latter is closed, I need not say anything about the MSS. that peep out of it, or hint at the possibility of their at any future day affording pleasure to other eyes than those of the writer.

At one side of the blotting-book is laid a watch, and at the other is a little china cup with two moss-roses in it; then a pocket Bible. A Greek Testament lies open with a pencil between the leaves, and near it a tiny Spanish edition of the same, with a mark in the corresponding chapter, as though the reader had been comparing the two languages.

A masterly sketch, half coloured, of a picturesque house at the opposite side of the

street, with a group of people in the window, is at one end of the table, occupied by materials for painting. Beyond these, is a Shakspeare, Goethe's "Egmont" laid down upon *his face*, over the first book of Homer's Iliad, Greek and English interlined; Schiller's "Abfalls Niederlande," Mrs. Trollope's "Belgium," and two or three guide-books and itinéraires.

Now what opinion would a stranger form of the individual who has just risen from that table? Judging from its contents, would they imagine her a learned lady,

"Deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,"

who never opened her lips but to speak "science and metaphysics?" How greatly they would mistake; for one might be in her society a long time without discovering that she possessed more than the ordinary feminine accomplishments, save and except, indeed, that the sparks of genius will break out where the flame exists. A delightful friend of the "ladye of the round table" once said of her, that she was "above the vanity of conversation"—he was right. She always reminds me of some fair region, the

luxuriance and beauty of which one admires, 'tis true, but without knowing that there is a gold mine beneath.

The hotel de Belle Vue is now quite full, so that the table d'hôte is crowded every day. This sort of réunion is delightful; so many faces from so many countries, and such a Babel of different languages. The grand point is to ascertain whether your next neighbour is French, English, Dutch, German, Pole, or American; and, to clear up this difficulty, you listen sharply for the first word that issues from his lips, and try to find out whether he calls to the garçon for more bread in good German, broken French, or the universally understood language of pointing with one hand to the loaf and the other to his mouth.

This interesting subject decided, your attention is next turned to the dishes, and there is a voyage of discovery to be made among these, which must be undertaken without chart or compass; for I defy any one to tell whether the thing on the plate before him, belonged erst to beast of the field, bird of the air, fish of the sea, or vegetable of the earth. Beef, mut-

ton, fish, poultry, and vegetables, are so completely in masquerade under the levelling system of French sauces, that you are puzzled to find out whether what you are eating wore legs, wings, fins, or leaves.

It is hard, however, if you do not get something to please you, for the variety is endless, and the dishes are handed round so often, that the numberless shakes of the head you have to perform, must considerably interfere with digestion.

The first day we dined at Brussels, after tasting sundry condiments, some of them by no means to be despised, the garçon brought something which looked more inviting than its predecessors. I was regarding it, however, with that sort of suspicious curiosity one is apt to bestow on strange acquaintances, when Guillaume, with his usual good-nature, whispered, "Prenez en, je vous prie, il n'y a rien de mieux." I did so, and found it excellent—the nicest thing by far that had yet appeared. I had half finished the contents of the plate when my neighbour said very quietly, "Oh—you are eating frogs—they are rather rare now." I laid down my knife and fork in a moment;

it was an absurd prejudice, so I took them up again, but I could not help repeating to myself the original saw, "Where ignorance is bliss," &c.

Our tea-equipage at Brussels is a source of continual merriment to us; and although the weather is too hot for any extra effort, we are obliged to submit to the exertion of laughing at it every time regularly that it makes its appearance. There is a most ludicrous disproportion between every article on the table. The tea-pot is a slender-bodied thing with an enormous black handle, like a great sword-hilt, and a long, thin spout. The tiny streamlet of tea that issues from this is an excellent teacher of patience, for after holding it for five minutes over a cup, and fancying you have nearly gotten the necessary quantum, you discover, on looking into it, that the bottom is little more than covered. The cups are patagonian, and the bowl belonging to the set looks as if it had been stolen by Gulliver from the land of Liliput; certainly the contents of any one of the former would overflow it,—and as it is, no garçon can make his appearance at the door

without this unfortunate little article being held up with the request that he would "vider le basin;" this is a ceremony very often repeated before breakfast is over.

The tea-spoons are narrow and pointed, shaped exactly like the sharp ivory things that are sent down on a voyage of discovery into vial-bottles of rhubarb or ipecacuanha, to bring up their contents. A sugar-tongs is a very rare luxury, as is also a salt-spoon; the point of a knife is the substitute for the latter, and if you wish for sugar, there is no alternative besides the very ancient and *handy* implements which poor Dr. Johnson got into such a scrape for making use of.

But the urn is the crowning piece of the breakfast furniture. Poor thing! it must have been in the hotel when it was attacked during the revolution, for the top seems to have been shot off by a cannon-ball. The handles have evidently suffered from a paralytic stroke; one hangs doggedly down by the side, stiff and immoveable, whilst the other limb remains sticking straight up in the air, fixed so firmly in its horizontal position that neither "force or cunning" can cause it to stir an atom one way

or another. The spout has undergone some strange convulsion, by which it is wrenched all on one side, and the water flows in such an oblique, crab-like direction, that it requires some experience to make your calculation so as to place the cup where the stream will reach it. In fact, this urn is quite a character, and though there are many in the house that infinitely surpass it in elegance, we are always sorry when our grotesque old friend does not make its appearance.

When the cloth is laid, which they always do abroad for tea as well as breakfast, this incongruous tea-equipage is scattered about the table in the funniest, most uncomfortable looking manner. All the things seem as if they had retired as far as they could from each other after a grand battle—though from the way they are always put down, there is certainly no danger of any of them getting into the predicament of La Fontaine's "pot de terre and pot de fer."

The park here is very prettily laid out with flower-beds, statues, and winding walks. The Dutch had possession of it for four days during

the revolution, and the trees all bear terrible marks of the ravages of war. Every one of them is pierced in several places with cannon-balls, and in some, great part of the trunk is torn away. The wounds are dressed with tar, and the trees do not appear to have suffered from these apparently deadly injuries. Many houses in the Place Royale have the balls now actually sticking in them.

But the most interesting relic or souvenir of the revolution which, I think, surpasses all the others, is a living one;—a poor dog, whose master, it is supposed, was killed opposite the Chambre des Députés, where the tree of liberty is now planted. For two long years this faithful animal kept his vigil of love under the tree, picking up a precarious subsistence, and resisting every effort to draw him away from it. At length, the circumstance reached the ears of the members, and there were not wanting some who wished to become possessed of a creature of such tried fidelity; but he would own no other master than the one he had lost. Finding all was in vain, the members built a house for the noble animal on his beloved spot, and allowed him a pension. Well he deserves

it! Oh! where among the human race shall we look for such patient love, such untiring, devoted affection to the memory of the dead! A short time since, the poor little fellow was very ill, and it was feared would die, but he has recovered, and continues where he has been for the last six years, and will probably end his days, on the spot where expired the master he loved "so long, so well."

A long time had elapsed since I had spent a Sunday on the continent, and therefore my impressions on the first, which occurred during our stay at Brussels, had more of novelty in them than I could have anticipated.

Any one accustomed from his childhood to look upon this as the *Lord's* day and not man's, who has read in his Bible the plain and positive commands to keep it holy, where it is said, "Thou shalt turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words,"—any one who knows this cannot but feel shocked

and grieved at the manner in which the sabbath is spent abroad. "Thou shalt do no manner of work," seems utterly disregarded. All the shops are open, stalls in the streets, &c. and the every-day business of life no way interrupted. While we were at breakfast, Guillaume came in to say, that if monsieur wished to have his coat repaired, the ouvrière was outside, and would have it done in an hour,—and he seemed quite disappointed at not being allowed to take it. Shortly after, tickets were sent in for the theatre that night, with the compliments of the British minister.

There are two Protestant places of worship at Brussels, one the Royal Chapel, which we attended. I was struck, on going in, with the motto under the organ, "Dieu est un esprit, et ceux qui l'adorent, l'adorent en esprit et en vérité." It seemed particularly appropriate in a country where external forms and pompous ceremonies are so much dwelt upon that one begins to fear they must supersede that religion of the heart which is alone of any value in the eyes of him who seeth not as man sees. The congregation was lamentably small—lamentably, for the town was crowded with English.

Though we had an excellent sermon from the clergyman, Mr. J——, and heard those glad tidings of salvation, so dear and precious to every sinner, faithfully proclaimed; yet I felt very sad on leaving the church. The importance of the day,—the calculation that a person who has lived to the age of seventy, has spent ten years of sabbaths—the account we shall have to render when we come to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ of so large a portion of time given us solely to attend to the things of eternity, and, if I may venture so to speak, to settle accounts between the soul and her Maker, all these things have often been brought fearfully before my mind by an accusing conscience: but such ideas never forced themselves upon me with more painful feelings than when I now looked out upon the pleasure-seeking crowds that thronged the streets. God forbid that we should judge uncharitably of any one, especially in matters so delicate and so important! The idle speculation of how much or how little time has been spent by our neighbour in prayer, self-examination, or any other sabbath duties, is neither profitable or kind; we should look within.

There is a rail-road from Brussels to Antwerp, which, from being the only one in the country, is an object of great curiosity, and hundreds of persons assemble to witness the arrival and departure of the steam-carriages. They are speaking of having one between Brussels and Cologne, but nothing, I believe, has been yet done towards its commencement.

CHAPTER V.

Waterloo—Namur and its bell—Aix-la-Chapelle and its relics—The danger of being caught by appearances—Cologne.

NOTWITHSTANDING its heat and noise, I could not help feeling regret when we left the gay capital of Belgium. The day was intensely hot, and we suffered so much from the fatigue of travelling, that nothing short of Waterloo could have induced us to encounter the broiling sun on its treeless plains. We got out of the carriage at St. Jean, and made a pilgrimage to the little mound overhung by a willow-tree, under which Lord Anglesey's leg is buried. In the house they showed us the boot which was cut off the severed limb, and the table on which the operation was performed. A likeness of his lordship hangs in the little parlour,

which was sent to Madame Williams by Lady Anglesey, whose note on the subject is religiously preserved in the archives of St. Jean. We were told that the marquis visited the cottage about a year since with his family, and dined off the same table on which he was laid after the battle to have his leg amputated.

Of all the heroes of Waterloo, Lord Anglesey seems to be best remembered and most beloved by the people there, who dwell with great pleasure on any little circumstance connected with him. The way in which I heard him spoken of was particularly gratifying to my feelings, as I never can forget, that to his kindness and personal exertions, I am indebted, under Providence, for the preservation of my life.

One has heard and read so much of the plains of Waterloo, that one fancies it hardly possible to gain any new ideas by visiting them. Still there is a feeling—an indescribable something that accompanies the knowledge that you are actually standing upon that hard-fought field—that your feet are pressing the soil once red with the brave heart's blood of so many gallant men, which neither books nor description can impart.

Our guide had been a sergeant-major in Lord Anglesey's regiment, the 7th Hussars, and has established himself at the village of Waterloo, for the purpose of acting as such to strangers. He had been in the action, and has besides collected so many particulars respecting it, that his account is very circumstantial.

What interested me most of all that was shown us, was the little church at St. Jean, whose walls are covered with the monuments of the slain. It is quite impossible to look at these tributes to the memory of the loved and the lost, without emotion. One is erected by a sorrowing wife,—another by a father or a sister's hand,—or the surviving brother-officers of the departed. A desolate thing it is to think of them lying there so many hundred miles from the homes that must know them no more, and the bereaved hearts whom that fatal day has sent mourning on through the remainder of their earthly pilgrimage.

How many sad reflections crowded into my mind as I gazed on those monuments of the dead! Two that were near and dear to me, though I was then too young to be aware of it, were on that battle-field! One has since ended

his brief career, and closed his eyes in a foreign land; the other lives; and while standing before the tombs at the little church of St. Jean, I could not repress a tear of fervent thankfulness for the mercy that spared from the perils of the sword one whose love and affection are now among the first blessings of my life.

The heat was so intolerable during the remainder of the day, that when we reached Namur we were so overcome by the fatigue and suffering consequent upon it, as to be unable to stir. I was forced to see W—— depart alone to explore the curious old town and fortress; my inclinations would have taken me with him, but, alas! an aching head and weary limbs chained me to the hotel.

All, therefore, that G—— and myself saw of the beauties of the Meuse that night were the trout and cray-fish that appeared on the table at dinner. We congratulated ourselves, however, on the quiet and stillness of our room at the D'Arscamp hotel, and contrasted it, with no small satisfaction, with the noise of Brussels. We threw open the croisée, and sat admiring the picturesque, dome-like tower of a church, so near that we could almost touch it from the

place where we were seated. The swallows were flying in myriads about it, wheeling round the top, and darting in and out of the holes; the dark-grey of the stone was deepening in the fading light, and nothing disturbed the calm of the summer's evening but the chirping and twittering of the birds. Nothing could be more luxurious, when, lo! bang went the stentorian bell of the church immediately over our heads!—the effect was electric—the walls seemed to shake with the mighty vibration, and at first we were so stunned as to be unconscious for a moment of the acute and splitting pain our unfortunate heads were undergoing as every shock of the bell struck them. Our delightful visions of quiet and repose were soon put to flight!

We started next morning at a very early hour, and on leaving, took an admiring gaze at the ancient city of Namur, which, from its numbers of towers, spires, and steeples, has a fine effect at a distance. I cannot say that we admired our old friend behind the D'Arscamp quite as much as before we had suffered so severely from its thundering bell.

Nothing could be more enjoyable than our

drive along the beautiful banks of the Meuse. Everything was so cool, so pure, so tranquil, so bathed in the dewy freshness of the hour, like the new and exquisite sensations that hallow the early morning of life, before the scorching sun of satiety and the spirit of the world, rise to dry up and wither feelings that, alas! once gone, can never more return! The morning mists were clearing off the distant hills and valleys, and before us rose rocks of the most abrupt and graceful forms, some towering upwards into pinnacles and battlements, others standing out isolated, like huge, uncouth pillars. They are all planted nearly up to the summit in some places, which gives an air of softness and cultivation to the scenery, and causes it greatly to resemble that on the banks of the Wye. The soil, however, is infinitely richer. I never saw anything to equal the beauty of the crops, or the quantity of grain which covered the fields as thickly as it could stand. The contrast of the golden yellow of the ripening corn with the brilliant scarlet poppies and blue corn-flower was really beautiful. Every now and then we came to sweet villages, each clustered round its church

tower, the morning smoke ascending in blue wreaths against the trees, and the roofs glittering in the early sunshine.

There is a fine view on entering Huy. The bridge, with the picturesque group of irregular buildings beyond,—church standing boldly forward on an eminence, and the fortress at the right, together with the winding river, boats, fishing-nets drying in the sun, and fore-ground of rocks, trees, and dark brown earth, form a beautiful picture.

We did not stop at Liège, but drove on to Chaud-fontaine, a place lying in a pretty valley about three leagues further on, where there are warm-baths. We remained here for a day, and found what we wanted,—quiet, coolness, and abundance of beautiful walks. It is by no means a secluded place, though apparently in a retired valley, for charabancs, cabriolets, britchkas, and German carriages of every size and shape, kept arriving all day, with crowds of people from Liège and the environs to take the baths. The table d'hôte was a large one, and, strange to say, we three were the only English in the society. My next neighbour and I commenced a conversation in French, which he

soon broke off to beg I would indulge him by allowing him to speak English, as it was so long since he had had that pleasure.

"It is some time, then, since you have been in England?"

"I have never been there."

"How? and yet you speak the language as though it were your own!"

"And so it is."

My new acquaintance proved to be an American,—a very agreeable, well-informed person, who had travelled from north to south, east to west of his own continent, and was now doing the same with Europe, keeping England for the bonne-bouche.

Verviers is the last stage before reaching Aix-la-Chapelle. On leaving the town you come to a beautiful narrow valley, lying deep between two precipitous hills planted up to the summit. The road winds along the steep side of the hill, and it is beautiful to look down upon the broad transparent stream in the valley beneath, with the trees reflected in its clear depths.

There is nothing that suggests such ideas of cool, luxuriant freshness as those trees planted

by the water-side, their branches resting on the stream, and bending over, as it were, to meet their own beautiful shadows. The cattle grazing tranquilly in the cool rich pastures of this lovely valley, or reclining under the shady trees by the water's edge, were quite enviable.

At Eupen we crossed the frontier and entered Prussia. The dress of the postilions changed here to the costume worn by that class throughout Germany, with the simple variation of adopting the national colours of the states to which they belong. The short jacket faced with red gave place to a military-looking coat turned up with bright orange, and confined at the waist by an orange sash with long tassels. A brass horn, which, though not very musical, is a most graceful, pretty instrument, is fastened across the shoulder by a thick cord of white and dark blue, or rather black, the colours of Prussia. From the moment you enter his Prussian majesty's dominions, these appear on every government appendage that meets your eye;—sentry-boxes, railings, mile-stones, &c., all wear the same loyal livery of broad stripes.

The cord that attaches the postilion's horn is finished with large round tassels, which lie on

the breast. A stiff black stock, a laced hat with a cockade in front, and spruce well-polished boots and spurs complete the martial air of this pretty and becoming costume. It looked to great advantage on the postilion, who drove us to Aix-la-Chapelle, a fine, intelligent young man with bright sunny curls clustering round his face, and a considerable dash of the coxcomb withal.

The Prussian soldiers are fine-looking men, a great improvement on the Belgian troops. The irregular size and loose slouching gait of the latter, struck us very much after the stiff, well-drilled, automaton-like movement of the English soldiery, who look, in marching, as though every leg and arm of the whole body of men were set in motion by the same spring.

We remarked that all the Prussians have something of this air militaire, arising doubtless from the custom of every man, whatever his rank, being obliged to serve a certain time. During this period of probation the nobleman's son is precisely on the same footing with the lowest serf, forced to clean his own horse, and liable to punishment for the slightest failure in duty.

We were to sleep at Aix-la-Chapelle, and two hotels had been named as desirable halting-places. On our way to the "Grand Monarque," we passed by a very fine-looking house bearing the favourite name of "Belle Vue." It was charmingly situated, commanding a sweet view of the promenades, spa, &c., and we drove past it with regret, wondering not a little why so good-looking an inn had not been mentioned.

"No rooms vacant at the Grand Monarque," was pronounced in a very sorrowful tone by the landlady. We were delighted, and congratulated ourselves as the horses' heads were turned towards the admired Belle Vue, for we did not make any inquiries about the other inn to which we had been recommended.

The Belle Vue received us with open doors. The rooms they shewed us into did not quite correspond with the outside, and we began to have a few misgivings; however, we went to the windows, and there forgot all our doubts.

"There was an excellent table d'hôte, and the best society." This was the report made to us on entering, so that when the bell rang we descended without hesitation into the salle.

Such a place as it was!—a large forlorn-looking room with three or four deal tables and wooden forms ranged down the centre, having for sole decoration some steam-packet advertisements with letters half a foot long, pasted against the walls.

At the head of one of the tables sat the host, a tall, gaunt, bony-looking man with a coarse red face, and a head of matted hair that looked as if he had swept the floor with it, (not however that the floor itself showed any symptoms of having undergone that operation for a month at least.) He was dressed in a very non-descript garment, which might have been meant for a dressing-gown, but looked as though it had been manufactured out of an old woman's cloak; a grey, rugged, pepper-and-salt kind of article, the sleeves of which reached to about halfway between the wrist and elbow. The bony hands which these scanty dimensions disclosed to view, were evidently suffering from an affection of hydrophobia, while the face to which they belonged seemed to labour under as strong an aversion to cold steel as theirs to cold water. Indeed when these "great unwashed" seized a chicken by the legs, and twisting it

round laid it on its side for dissection, the act by no means increased the desire to partake of it. The sole waiter on this inviting table d'hôte was a poor, civil, overgrown boy with drooping eyes and a hanging lip, the son of the host; and the "best society" consisted of two men, one of them a greasy, purple-faced old person, who sat down to dinner in grey worsted mittens! The table-cloth was—but I cannot describe that—suffice it to say that though so near the spa, it was plain that very little water and still less soap ever found their way into the Belle Vue.

We were so disgusted with everything, and moreover so overcome by the sickening and hateful atmosphere of tobacco that prevailed in the salle, that we should certainly have made an instant retreat, had not respect for the feelings of those present withheld us. As soon as we could do so, however, without rudeness, we escaped to our rooms, and there moralized most profoundly and most feelingly on the folly of being caught by appearances. Sundry wise resolutions were made over our coffee against ever again judging of anything by its fair ex-

ternals, after which we sallied forth to visit the cathedral.

This ancient edifice was, as every one knows, built by Charlemagne. The place where he was interred is shown in the middle of the church. He was placed in a chair of white marble, covered with plates of gold and silver gilt. The legs of the body rested in a marble sarcophagus, on which the Rape of Proserpine, —a very appropriate subject for a sepulchre,— is executed; both chair and sarcophagus are exhibited among the curiosities of the cathedral; the latter is certainly one.

After he had rested in this chair three hundred and fifty-two years, the tomb of the emperor was opened by Frederic Barbarossa, and the bones removed. A skull, an arm, and part of a leg, which they assure you, and of course you believe, belonged to Charlemagne, are among the collection of relics in the sacristy, enshrined in gold and silver, studded with precious stones.

These relics are divided into two classes,— les grandes et les petites reliques. The first we did not see; they are only exhibited once

in every seven years, when thousands of pilgrims flock to Aix-la-Chapelle to be present at the ceremony. They are kept enclosed in a splendid *chasse* of silver gilt and precious stones, and are, —1st, the white dress worn by the Virgin in the stable at Bethlehem, when she gave birth to the Messiah. We were told that this was of cotton, and of six feet in length! 2nd, the swaddling clothes of our blessed Lord; 3rd, the blood-stained linen which received the head of John the Baptist; and, 4th, the linen girdle worn by the Saviour on the cross.

The petites reliques are many in number. There is a piece of Simeon's arm, a fragment of the real cross, a tooth of St. Catherine, a rib of St. Stephen, a bit of the reed with which the soldiers mocked our Lord, a point of one of the nails with which he was pierced, and various others. All are splendidly enshrined with a profusion of precious stones, cameos, &c. They are a lamentable proof to what an absurd length superstition and credulity may be carried. The only relic among them which is interesting in itself, is the hunting-horn of Charlemagne, made of an elephant's tooth, with an

embroidered crimson velvet band. The remaining bones of the monarch are in a gold chasse, together with those of Saint Blaise, and the martyred Saint Léopard.

We seated ourselves in the marble chair upwards of a thousand years old, which for three hundred and fifty-two years held the body of the deceased king, and in which thirty-six emperors have been crowned.

It was sad to see this fine old church, so fraught with interest to the antiquary and historian, kept in such a filthy state, that at every step we were disgusted by some uncleanness or other.

There are three distinguishing marks which every one recognizes as peculiarly appertaining to the ancient city of Cologne; its magnificent Münster, its far-famed Eau de Cologne, which, if you believe what you read on the envelopes, can cure every ill that flesh is heir to, and its most abominable smells. Coleridge has celebrated the latter in terms more appropriate than elegant; but such an unsavory subject would make even a poet unpoetical.

" Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne ;
But tell me, nymphs ; what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

This characteristic of Cologne is, of course, the first that strikes the traveller. We prepared against it as well as we could; but the dreadful effluvia of the black, filthy streams that defile every street, penetrated even through the folds of pocket-handkerchiefs soaked in perfume, with which we tried to atone to our poor noses for the violence done to them. It was not, however, of long continuance, for we were quickly borne out of reach of the annoyance across the bridge of boats, to the Belle-vue hotel.

Every one going to Cologne ought to stay at this luxurious hotel, which has only been just established at the opposite side of the Rhine, at a place called Deutz, immediately opposite the bridge. The smell of a new house, always so pleasant from the fresh wood-work, and clean associations connected therewith, never appeared so fragrant as when we inhaled it at the

Belle-vue, after the atmosphere of Cologne. After a few moments' sojourn in the newly and well-furnished salon, in which, by the way, there is a nice piano-forte, and a glance at the view from the balcony outside, the resolution was taken to remain for two or three days in this delightful quarter.

We had no cause to repent of this arrangement. The weather was intensely hot, and in the evening when the sun had set, and a refreshing breeze came up from the Rhine, the balcony proved a luxurious resort; the garden underneath was a kind of public promenade, fitted up with little tables and benches among the trees; and a band, the finest specimen of the delights of the German music we had yet had, played here from seven o'clock until ten at night.

The next salon to ours was occupied by a party of young Englishmen, some of them acquaintances. The group they formed in the evening seated out on the balcony in loose flowered dressing gowns, with their long pipes, was quite oriental. Indeed, at night the effect of the whole was more like a fairy scene than any sober reality of every-day life.

Before us was the town of Cologne, with the dark outline of its cathedral, and towers, and high roofs drawn against the sky: thousands of lights, like a terrestrial constellation, shining out of the dark masses of building, and reflected in long tremulous rays deep down into the clear waters of the Rhine; the lordly river itself sweeping rapidly by, and the picturesque bridge of boats stretching across it straight before us. Just beneath, the various little groups scattered up and down among the trees and flowers, and the exquisite music that rose from the garden, made the whole thing like enchantment.

A thousand causes contributed to this feeling—the previous sultriness, the undefined charm that night throws over everything—the beautiful mixture of lights, and trees, and music, and darkness, all was delightful. *All*, did I say?—no; there is nothing short of heaven in which *all* is delightful. Everything has a drawback, and there is a *but* which comes in at the end of almost every sentence to spoil the smoothness of the whole. The "but" on the present occasion, is one which applies to almost every person and thing in Germany, in

the shape of a long pipe or cigar. In the midst of the foregoing picture, which sundry "sober, sensible people" might pronounce somewhat fanciful, but which in reality was not exaggerated, the fume of smoking, so unsavory to an English nose, would come to check any imaginative excursions one might be setting out upon.

This universal practice of smoking, which pervades every rank, and every age, and goes on at every hour and in every place, is sorely denounced by travellers and tourists. This always has seemed to me rather unfair. Nothing, surely, can be more unjust as well as absurd, than to measure one country by another; and after trying German manners by English prejudices, bring in a verdict of guilty against the former. Smoking is disagreeable to the English in general—indeed to one half of society so offensive, that a separation of the sexes is always necessary, whenever the practice is indulged in. But in Germany this is not the case; it is a German *custom*, and national customs (always, of course, providing they are innocent ones) should not expose any people to such unmitigated censure.

A great deal of sympathy has been wasted on the German ladies, which is a sad pity, for sympathy is so good a thing, and unluckily there is so little of it to be found in this wicked world, that it ought never to be thrown away. Any one, to stand where we do now on the balcony of the hotel Belle-vue, and look down with an English eye on the scene below, would be puzzled whether most to wonder at or commiserate the ladies in the garden.

Every man, without exception, is smoking; each little table has its lamp (though it is broad daylight) for the sole purpose of lighting the pipes and cigars, and so unremitting are the votaries of tobacco, that yonder, is an old gentleman actually eating and smoking at the same time, the long pipe being pushed into one corner of his mouth so as to leave an entrance in front for the spoon or fork. At the table just below us are two ladies, both young and both pretty, and opposite, are seated two gentlemen, each with a cigar in his mouth. Now another man has joined the party, and the smoke of the three cigars is directed full into the ladies' faces: the last puff has gone right under the pink bonnet of one of them, and is

curling round the roses and blonde, and among her glossy ringlets.

Now judging of these ladies by English tastes and feelings, what could be said of them? Why, that they were undergoing a species of martyrdom, stifling their repugnance, and with a patient endurance and heroic self-devotion, worthy of a better cause, sitting there, victims to the gratification of their companions. Not at all. One of the martyrs has just turned her face this way, and she is laughing and talking as merrily as possible; and now she blushes and smiles at something that has been whispered through a puff of smoke on the opposite side of the table, as though there were not such a thing as a cigar in the world.

The fact is, a German woman of this class (at least as far as I can form a judgment) does not, and cannot, dislike smoking, whatever may be said to the contrary. She has been accustomed to breathe an atmosphere loaded with tobacco ever since she was born, and she sits beside her husband or brother with as much comfort while he has a cigar in his mouth, as an English woman would if her's were sipping his claret. I have not so good an opinion of German wives

and sisters, as to suppose they would make such a painful sacrifice of their feelings to indulge the tastes of the lords of the creation; and full sure I am, that German husbands and brothers would be the very last to require such a concession, for they are the kindest people in the world.

The kitchen at the hotel Belle-vue is on the same floor with the eating-room, and in going up and down stairs, you pass the open bar on which the dishes are placed to be carried into the table d'hôte.

"Eat what you see, but never see what you eat," seems to be an established maxim in foreign cookery. People are generally advised to be satisfied with the end, and not to be too curious as to the means,—a peep behind the scenes being rather likely to diminish the appetite for the condiments set before them.

This certainly did not apply to the kitchen in question. Instead of the greasy, soupy smell that often issues from culinary regions, nothing could be more savoury or appétissant than the odours that floated about the door of this. We often stopped in the way up to our salon to admire the busy scene that was always

going on inside. The bright shining kitchen utensils, the cook in his neat white costume, with all his attendant satellites, the multitudes of tiny dishes, each filled with its small nicely-arranged nondescript, but inviting-looking contents.

The day after our arrival at Cologne was Sunday, and we went in the morning to the cathedral, where there was a *grande messe* and delightful music. The latter was all amateur, and surpassingly lovely did it sound accompanied by the pealing tones of the organ which reverberated through the lofty aisles of the magnificent Münster. If I might presume to say, that any temple made with hands were in any degree worthy of the Great Being for whose worship it was erected, I would do so of this splendid edifice. The projector of it had, indeed, high and holy ideas of the "honour due unto his name," and if they had been carried into execution, the work would have been a stupendous one.

Nothing raises and elevates the soul so much as sacred music. Nothing so transports it above this perishable earth, and brings so

vividly before the mind that bright world, where we learn from Revelation that songs—the music and melody of praise—will be chief among the employments of the blest. The swell of voices echoing through a lofty cathedral, re-echod, prolonged, and at last dying away among the distant aisles, always make me realize the awful and mysterious moment when the spirit will be freed from its tenement of clay.

What a moment will that be! The burst of transcendent melody that will greet the enraptured soul—the countless throng around the throne, ten thousand times ten thousand, having harps of gold, that sing the song of the Lamb that was slain; "the voice from heaven as the voice of many waters, the voice of harpers, harping with their harps."

All these—all that is connected with that glorious world of light, and love, and melody, it is wonderful to think upon. It is wonderful to think of the unutterably blissful region into which the trembling soul that departs in Christ is in a moment transferred from a world of suffering, a bed of sickness and pain. The mind could never grasp a truth so far beyond its limited powers, were it not for the promises

86211

with which the Bible is fraught. To strengthen these, or rather to encourage *us*, (for the words of Jehovah require no strengthening,) how often in our daily experience do we hear of dying christians, who have actually enjoyed a foretaste of that better land they are about entering, "to sin, to weep, to part no more!"

It is pleasant to dwell on those eternal joys that lie beyond the gate of death. The contrast of our own miserable deficiencies, our fallen, sinful state, to the things laid up for us in our "everlasting home," makes us reflect more deeply on the only condition on which we may hope for them. It leads us to cling more closely to Christ, the door and the way, to seek and follow him with redoubled earnestness, and to love with heart-felt gratitude the Saviour who procured for us, guilty, unworthy sinners, such joys, by a life of labour and shame, a cruel and agonizing death!

Mr. N——, brother of Lord ——, a clergyman, who was, like ourselves, staying at Cologne, sent a message to us in the morning, offering to read prayers in our salon. On our return from the Münster, a small congregation assembled there to unite in the simple and

beautiful liturgy of the church—doubly beautiful and doubly dear in a foreign land.

The next day, we visited the tomb of the Three Kings, and saw the treasures and reliques at the cathedral. The latter are neither so numerous nor so rich as those at Aix-la-Chapelle. The shrine of the kings is as splendid as gold, silver, cameos, and precious stones can make it; and there is something very thrilling in the effect of all these seen by the light of the lamps and tapers that burn in the enclosure, (which is never visited by a gleam of day,) and the contrast of the gorgeous shrine with the three blackened remains of mortality contained in it.

The crucifixion of St. Peter, in the church that bears his name, is one of the "sights" of Cologne. It is by Rubens, and is a terrific painting. Agony the most intense, is frightfully pourtrayed in every swoln muscle and writhing feature of the martyred saint. The imagination that conceived such a picture must, indeed, have been one of extraordinary power.

It seems strange that the same place should be famed for the worst smells and the best perfume in the world, yet one probably was the

cause of the other. Doubtless, it was in some fit of desperation at the unbearable odours on every side, the inventor was driven to such a vigorous exertion of his energies, that the far-famed Eau de Cologne was the result. Naturalists say, that in the vegetable world the bane and antidote are always found growing in the same soil—and so it is at Cologne.

CHAPTER VI.

The Rhine Steamer—People on the deck, and places on the shore—A husband and wife.

I HAD been so repeatedly told that I should surely be disappointed in the Rhine, that as a necessary consequence I was not so. It is no wonder that this "valley of sweet waters" should so often share the fate of an over-praised beauty; for artist, poet, painter, and tourist, have so set on fire the imaginations of stay-at-home travellers, by their delineations of every rock, tree, and castle between Cologne and Mayence, that the said imaginations have each drawn their own pictures long before reality applies its searching touchstone, and dissolves the charm. Alas! imagination is a deceitful, though beautiful painter, and prepares sad disappointments for those who indulge in its too fascinating delights!

The great flatness and total want of beauty on the banks of the Rhine for several miles after you leave Cologne, are, however, excellent preparations for the scenery that ensues when you reach the seven hills. Then there are the thousand associations connected with the place; the atmosphere of legend, and poetry, and romance, that floats like a halo over every hill and valley. Is there any one "so senseless and cold" that he can look upon "the castled crag of Drachenfels," or "Ehrenbreitstein, with her (once) shattered wall," and not feel some chord touched within his breast, that thrills to the mighty spell which has been flung, as with a magician's hand, over this enchanted region?

In fact, in passing along the banks of the Rhine, the eyes are much less busily employed than other more mysterious and invisible faculties. Memory, imagination, — all are at work. Everything that we have read and dreamt of those scenes, rises up before us as we glide by them, and the spirit of Byron and Bulwer seem to hover over the spots their genius has hallowed. I could almost fancy I saw the interesting Gertrude Vane listening to

that tenderest and most anxious of lovers, Trevelyan, as he beguiled the hours of travel and suffering with the legends of the Rhine.

Nothing can be more beautiful in themselves than the two castles of Sternfels and Liebenstein, but how far more interesting are they when connected with the story of which they form the subject in the "Pilgrims of the Rhine." As we came in sight of them, Leoline, Otho, and the noble and constant Warbeck, seemed again to people the lonely towers, and I looked at "the Brothers" with a delight, that I am sure was chiefly owing to that most powerful charm—association.

This a debt for which authors deserve our best acknowledgments;—they invest persons and places with an attraction which belongs, not to the things themselves, but to the imaginative and descriptive powers of the writer; and thus they make us sharers in their enjoyment, and we look at each object through the brilliant prism of their minds. Who can hear the name of Malines without associating with it the intense interest and pleasure with which they have read the exquisite story of the "Maid of Malines?" I am sure if ever I go there, in-

stead of merely seeing the brick and mortar, slates and tiles, of an ordinary town, I shall be looking out for the narrow street where the kind Lucille threw herself between the blind man and the dragoon's horse, and fancy the next turn will bring me to the spot where the former stood when he exclaimed so helplessly, "Fido, Fido, why hast thou deserted me!"

Mr. Bulwer has a peculiar talent for describing the affections; and this, however easy at first it may seem, is by no means a light task. The shades of feeling are so many and so minute, that it requires a fine perception and great knowledge of human nature to paint them as they are. True, these beautiful plants are the natural growth of the human heart—they spring up alike in the rudest as well as the most cultivated soil, and flourish as vigourously under the bitter blasts of misfortune as the sun of prosperity. But though so universal, the effects are so various in different dispositions, that it is not easy to seize and define them. This Mr. Bulwer has done, and whether it be the love of mother, wife, brother, or any of the other affections that sweeten the cup of life, he has embodied them in terms so

tender, so natural, so true, that they come home to every heart; one is every moment forced to lay down the book and exclaim, "O how *often* I have felt that!"

Love, properly so called, he touches with a pencil, that, to my mind, has few equals. One secret of this I imagine to be that there is so little of it. Instead of sickening over his whole book with shallow rivulets of mawkish, monotonous, milk-and-watery-weak stuff, that must, according to the nature of things, evaporate away all its spirit, by reason of the immense space it is spread over, he concentrates the whole into one narrow stream, but so deep, so pure, so fervent, so holy—it is the very essence of the passion—and double-refined essence too.

People quarrel with the "Pilgrims of the Rhine" for being wild and fanciful in many places; but I am obliged to confess, that the two exquisite stories alluded to have such charms for me, and leave so sweet an impression on my mind, that I cannot turn from them to the less pleasing task of searching through the book for its faults. One thing, however, does grieve me, and that is Trevelyan's desperate

and frantic grief for Gertrude. He clings to her with a despairing energy, as though the separation were an eternal one, and there were no bright world beyond the grave where the bereaved one will be united to those who are "not lost, but gone before."

There is no picture so frightful, or that so wrings the heart to look upon, as that of a human being struggling in the agonies of a sorrow *without hope.* This is one of the bitterest punishments of living "without God in the world." The awful stroke comes, and from a comparatively unknown hand; the idol is torn away—removed—he hardly knows where; the world has become a weary, desolate blank, and there is no other to look to; he writhes in anguish, and in blindness, hopeless and alone. To such a one, indeed, death is appalling—terrific, beyond description and endurance.

But to one accustomed to look upon every occurrence as the act of a God who knows and who does what is best for us,—who is too wise, too kind ever to afflict willingly the children of men, how different is the case! His sorrows are not the wild and frenzied agony of hopeless despair. He lays the beloved remains of

his lost one in the ground, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. This is the bright ray that streams even into the dark precincts of the grave, and pours a balm into the wounded heart, as soothing as the gracious words that fell upon the ear of the stricken Jairus, "Weep not, the maid is not dead, but sleepeth."

Indeed, under any, the most favourable, circumstances—the stroke which rends away those fibres that have twined themselves round our heart of hearts, is so agonizing, that I cannot conceive how those unhappy individuals who have to writhe under it without the support of religion, can ever endure the pang. It is too dreadful to think of any one in such a fearful situation, as to be unable to look to such consoling words as these, "Verily, verily I say unto you, the hour is coming and now is, when the DEAD shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live!"

O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

When joy no longer soothes, or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our years,
Is dimmed and vanish'd too!

Oh! who could bear this bitter doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
One peace-branch from above.

But I am wandering from the deck of the Concordia, and following one of those trains of thought which carried me often far away from the Rhine, even while my eyes were fixed on its banks."

One of the old castles (that conferred on the King of Prussia) has been restored and is now inhabited; but I could not look at this with the same interest as at the old dilapidated ruins of those falling into decay. The spectres of the past still haunt the latter: one cannot gaze on them without thinking of all the various scenes those ancient walls have witnessed. The loves, the joys, the sorrows, that swelled the breasts long since at peace, when they, like ourselves were

"Warm with life, the youthful pulses flying."

How often did the sigh of disappointed hope, or the gay laugh of heedless joy, re-echo through these lonely and deserted chambers! How often the voice of melody or the roar of wassail mirth, gladden those now cold and silent halls, where the ivy waves in the breeze like a pall over the stately baronial towers, once the theatre of so many stirring events and passions!

Besides the delight afforded to the "picturesque-loving eye," by a voyage on the Rhine, there is another pleasure connected with it,—I was going to say, almost equally great. I mean that of studying character. True, this is a gratification that may be enjoyed nearly everywhere, but on board a Rhine steamer you have it in perfection. All nations and languages meet on its deck. Here are a group of Dutch, there a party of English,—further on Germans, French, people of every country mixed up together, and borne along on the little floating world. Various are the tongues that meet your ear, and the specimen of French and English (especially the former, which every one tries to speak) are such as often sorely puzzle the natives of the countries

to which the poor mal-treated languages belong.

Here a young man is bending towards a lady, addressing her with the most eager gesticulation, anxiety depicted in every feature of his intelligent face, his eyes sparkling with the vehemence with which he seems pressing his subject upon her. Her attention is rivetted, and she is looking into the said eyes with such earnestness, as though her fate depended upon her catching every syllable that passes his lips. What can he be saying? Is he explaining a mathematical problem, or asking her to take him for better or worse? Not at all; the young man is a German and she an English girl, neither understanding the language of the other, and the former is straining every nerve to make her aware, in broken French, that she has just seated herself upon his pipe.

As in a river-steamer there is no illness, nothing impedes the display of feeling; and there is besides ample space and free verge for its exercise. All are strangers to each other; no person has any character to keep up for cleverness, fashion, or the thousand other things

which cause a mask to be so often worn before acquaintances, and therefore the real one belonging to each comes out genuine and unchecked.

There is nothing to my mind so interesting as studying character. Delightful as is fine scenery, and magnificent architecture, they are nothing to be compared to the ever-changing varieties of our own species. The face of nature is not half so entertaining as the face of man.

The steamer was crowded, and I prepared to indulge in the luxury of my favourite pursuit, as I looked round at the various groups on the deck. It was amusing to see the *préparations de voyage* they had all made in the shape of pocket-telescopes, guide-books, &c. The seats and tables were quite covered with the latter—you could not turn your eyes in any direction without seeing "Panoramas of the Rhine, Rhenish Albums," "Mrs. Trollope," "Schreiber's Rhine," "Tomblestone's Views," "Bulwer's Pilgrims," &c., &c.; every one had a different book, and all thought their own guide, and their own glass, infallible. The day was very windy, and great was the difficulty to keep all these several books in order—as soon as one was

opened all the leaves began flying and fluttering in the breeze, and seemed so intent on baffling every effort to keep them down, that the castle had gone by long before the unfortunate voyager was able to find out its name in his book or map.

A fat, John-Bullish looking man, with an immense double-chin, sat on a bench opposite us, with his wife, two daughters, and a son. We heard he was a rich pastry-cook from Oxford, but on the Rhine the family seemed to have completely changed their trade, and from making cakes, had taken to making books. They were all, with the exception of the old lady, who did not look very literary, writing in little red-morocco books; and so indefatigably did they continue this occupation, never raising their head to look at anything, that one would imagine they had brought the whole yearly accounts of the shop to settle on the banks of the Rhine.

We made some acquaintances among our compagnons de voyage—those transient friendships of a day that are made in travelling, and which are often attended with as much pain as pleasure; for when one has had the good fortune of meeting agreeable and congenial persons,

and arrived at that degree of intimacy which the various little incidents in travelling create at once, it is very sad to have to part without the slightest hope of ever seeing them again. This has happened to us more than once, and we talk over the brief hours pleasantly spent with those we were thus brought into a momentary contact with real regret.

Our first *friend* on board the steamer was a dear old gentleman whom I noticed on getting on board at Cologne. He attracted our attention, first, because he looked so exceedingly gentleman-like, and, secondly, because he seemed in such delicate health. He was tall, and seemed, from the way in which his clothes fitted him, to have been once stouter; his face and lips were of a clear marble-like paleness, and there was a delicate pink flush on his cheek, that spoke of suffering. With all this there was an expression of mildness and patience on his fine, open brow,—a sort of placid cheerfulness about him that made him very interesting.

I know not how, but there is something that always draws me most irresistibly towards any one that appears a sufferer. Even if they be ever so unattractive in other respects, yet this

claim awakens some strong and secret sympathy in their favour, and I never can look upon them without longing to be able to say, or do, or try something that might comfort and soothe them: There are so many things connected with the pale cheek, and languid eye, and wan lips—they tell such a tale of sleepless nights and weary days, and patient, uncomplaining resignation, and silent struggles against the irritation that accompanies suffering! and then one always pictures the anxious wife, or sister, or mother, watching every turn of those changeful looks with a restless eye, and a heart that rises and sinks like the silver of a thermometer.

Perhaps some of these thoughts may have appeared in the looks I could not help directing towards the old gentleman. He soon approached our party, and began to converse with that mixture of reserve and ease which marks in a moment the man of perfect good breeding when addressing strangers. He spoke English, and so fluently and well, that for the first few sentences we thought he was a countryman. He told us, however, that he was a Hollander, but like many of that people whom

we have met, had travelled a great deal, and been for some years in England. He had evidently read much and seen more, so that his conversation was very agreeable; and his manner partook greatly of that delightful school, called the "old school," the courtesy and chivalry of which, when our grandmothers descant thereon, do make us, who have arrived some fifty years too late in this degenerate world, to lament that "the schoolmaster has been abroad."

Our old friend was very anxious to point out all the beauties of the Rhine, as we passed along. He had, he told us, made the voyage many, many times, as he had for several years been in the habit of going to Wiesbaden every season, "to patch up," he added, with a slight sigh, "a sadly worn-out and ailing constitution."

On board the steamer we recognized, after a short time, three young Prussians, whom, having already met the day or two before, were hailed as comparatively quite old acquaintances. We were looking at the painting of the crucifixion of St. Peter at Cologne, when we first saw them, and after an interchange of various civilities, a sort of intimacy commenced between them and W——. The recognition that

now took place when all met on board the steamer was a most cordial one.

My attention, however, was soon diverted from them by two persons seated opposite, whose movements and relative situations it took me a good deal of time, and some puzzling, to interpret. They were a young man and woman, who came into the vessel together, and seemed to know no one, and the first thing I ascertained about them was, that they were French. The lady was very young,—not pretty, but very interesting; she was extremely pale, with black hair, and soft, dark eyes. Her companion was one of the most unprepossessing persons I ever saw, and very unlike a Frenchman. He was a heavy, sluggish, lump of humanity, and I looked in vain for an expression of *anything* in his stupid face.

"There may be good-nature," thought I, "though no intelligence or animation;" and so I watched: but no—there were eyes, nose, and mouth—and nothing beside.

His manner to his gentle companion was as uncouth and indifferent as possible. He flung himself down beside her, and turning his back, threw his arm over the railings and gazed

stupidly into the Rhine. "Now what can they be to each other?" thought I. "I should say, judging from him, a pair some twenty years married, but that they are too young for that—she indeed hardly looks twenty years old. Can they be brother and sister? He might perhaps belong to that amiable class of brothers whose motto is, "any man's sister but my own." But she—and I watched them more narrowly for a short time, and at last came to the decision that there was something far other than sisterly in her manner.

I never saw anything like her devotion to him; she kept her eyes fixed upon his ungainly figure, as though nothing else in the world were capable of arresting them; and if for a moment they wandered from the beloved object, they soon returned, like Noah's dove, to the ark in which all her affections seemed centred. When we passed a remarkable spot she drew out her panorama of the Rhine, and opening it on her lap, pointed out the place; he never by any chance turned round to see what she took such pains to show him; so then all that was left her was to read the description, straining her voice that the sound might

reach him,—for be it remembered, that all this time her ungracious lord (so I judged him to be) sat with his back half-turned to her.

The day was intensely hot, and about eleven o'clock the sun came round, so that the awning did not shade the bench where this pair were sitting. The lady opened her parasol, and her first glance after so doing was to ascertain what part of the mass of flesh before her was exposed to the rays; she then raised her parasol, and held it at what must have been to her a painful height, so as to cover her companion, while I remarked, that in so doing, the full power of the scorching sun fell upon her own fair, delicate throat.

There was something in this utter forgetfulness of self, this devotion to an object who not only did not return the affection lavished upon him, but seemed quite insensible to it, that was very touching. I could not avoid observing narrowly the movements of the pair; and the more I looked, the more interested I became. I saw her draw gently away the pocket-handkerchief that lay on his knee, and then empty into it nearly half the contents of her eau-de-cologne bottle. She replaced the hand-

kerchief, but he did not seem to notice what she had been about, so half-raising herself from her seat, and bending over him, she took it up again and applied it to as much of his face as she could reach; for even then he did not turn towards her, though he grunted out some sort of acknowledgment for her attention.

After this there was a long pause; some one near, I observed, tried to get the lady into conversation, but she only answered in monosyllables, and turned again towards her husband, whose round back, rising up like a wall before her, seemed to have more attractions than any other object. After sitting a long time in silence, she tapped playfully on the said back—the man turned quickly round, with an air of stupid inquiry, as much as to say, "Well, what do you want now?" I thought the look of winning fondness with which she gazed up into his face, would have moved even him. But no; with an impatient gesture which said as plainly as gesture could, "Oh! is *that* all?" he flung himself round again, and resumed his stare into the water.

My heart ached for the wife! "Interesting young creature!" thought I, "how would the

affection you are wasting on that insensible clod, rejoice the heart, and embellish the life of one who could appreciate you!" It really made me sad to see so much tenderness all unreturned and unvalued; and I began to moralize on the waywardness and contrariety of things in this nether world.

I have heard one, who is a keen observer and judge of human nature, say, "That there are few men who can bear the trial of having a wife very much in love with them; it ends in general by spoiling the best." Now the present case was probably one in point; and I thought, if the rule apply equally to both parties,—(and why should it not?)—what a wretched reflection it was, and what a woeful comment on poor human nature! Certainly if the interesting young Frenchwoman had concealed her feelings for her ungracious husband, and endeavoured to treat him with a little of the indifference he showed her, he might have thought more of her, and valued her more. But this would have been utterly impossible on her part; she might as well have tried to set bounds to the sea, as to disguise the affection that seemed to fill her heart so

full that it overflowed in every action, word, and look.

I believe, after all, I wasted a great deal of sympathy and compassion on this adoring young wife. She seemed perfectly happy, and I am sure every service she rendered, and every little sacrifice she made for the object of her love, was a real gratification to her. I looked towards them again in the course of the day, and—mirabile dictu!—he was turned round and actually listening to her! When I saw her looking up at him with her whole soul in her eyes, and every feature brightened into an expression of love, and admiration, and pride, I wondered how I ever could have pitied her!

There is something in an affection like this that differs from the ordinary interchange of feeling. It suffices to itself; it is so engrossed in its object, that self is totally lost sight of; it asks no return, and therefore there is no disappointment attending it. This sort of love assumes a far higher tone than any other, being perfectly disinterested, and as there is no reciprocity, it becomes more like the veneration felt for a superior being, and goes on exalting the object, which, by sharing in all the

little weaknesses of the passion, would have appeared on the same level. But what a mysterious and intricate piece of mechanism is man, and how hard it is to divine, much more describe, any one of the complicated feelings that are every day passing under our eyes !

CHAPTER VII.

More persons on board the steamer—The three Prussian Barons—An agreeable Frenchman.

In the afternoon the little world on board the Concordia began to assume a more lively appearance. Dinner opens people's hearts wonderfully, and as during it sundry discoveries were made as to who could understand each other and who not, when all came on deck after it was over, there was much more talking than before. Little family knots that had kept all close, with their heads together like a flock of sheep the whole morning, now opened out, and got rid of their exclusiveness. Almost every one, except the frigid Frenchman and his wife, increased in communicativeness. It was very amusing to hear the various plans the several people had laid down for themselves,

and the comparing of notes on the subject. No two were alike; each had managed to contrive a route differing in some way or other from every one else—there was a perfect net-work of arrangements.

"I suppose you sleep at Coblentz to-night, and go on in the steamer to-morrow, mein Herr?"

"O dear, no;—I mean to stay a day to see Ehrenbreitstein, and embark again the following morning."

"I advise you not to do that, sir," says a third. "*I* intend performing the rest of the excursion by land, and stopping to see everything worth looking at by the way—one sees nothing from a steamer."

"Do you go to Baden, or to Schwalbach, madame?"

"To neither; Schwalbach is much too quiet for me. I should die of ennui in a week—I shall try Wiesbaden—I have heard it is very full."

"And I Ems."

"Ems!" exclaimed a fat, melting-looking, red-faced Frenchwoman, "don't go there, Monsieur, it will be the death of you—I have just

escaped from it, Dieu merci!—'tis the hottest hole in Europe, sunk down in the middle of high hills, and there you are packed together with a set of people broiling like yourself, —like so many eels in the bottom of a frying-pan. Ah! j'étais ecrasée, ma foi!—ensevelie —étouffée—je ne pouvais pas respirer. Ah!" and the fat lady laid her hand on her extensive chest, and panted again at the recollection of her sufferings.

Our three Prussian friends, who had kept close to our party all day and spoken to no one else, were to go to the same hotel at Coblentz, and, like ourselves, remain a day there. So far our plans (for a wonder) coincided, and we were glad to find that they intended being our fellow voyagers along the Rhine as far as Bingen, the day following. They were travelling for their amusement, and two of them were brothers. I could not help thinking how in persons of every country the *gentleman* breaks out without any intention or effort on the part of the individual. There was not the slightest pretension in these three young men, and yet when they walked up and down the deck, there was a sort of involuntary deference in the looks that were di-

rected towards them. This was particularly the case with respect to the English pastry-cook and his party,—persons of this class having an instinctive perception of aristocracy in any shape.

At Coblentz we got into another "Belle Vue." This seems a most favourite name with foreign hotel-keepers, and often is a sore misnomer. Some of them are about as appropriately named as a row of houses I once saw in an English watering-place, in front of which rose a high stone wall, so close that you might almost put your hand upon it from the windows. Against these houses was nailed a board with "*Prospect* Cottages" painted on it in letters a foot long.

Our hotel at Coblentz, however, was not in this style, there being a "belle vue" in reality as well as in name. It was like that at Cologne, but on the left bank of the river, exactly opposite the bridge of boats, and when this was lit up at night the effect was very beautiful. You could not see the bridge itself; the double row of lamps upon it looked as if they were suspended in the air as they stretched across the river, and were reflected in it. Directly in

front of us rose the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and that also looked much more picturesque and beautiful at night, when you lost the details, and saw only the dark, shadowy outline frowning against the sky. One might almost fancy it to be some huge sentinel keeping watch over the sleeping city as it towered gloomily above it.

Part of the next day was spent in recovering ourselves after the blowing and broiling we had gotten on the Rhine, and part in visiting the town, and rambling along the banks of the "blue Moselle." In our walk we met the three Prussians, and they joined us in our researches. The acquaintance had now increased to such a footing that it began to be desirable that we should know each other's names — they, I believe, did know who we were, and I suppose did not wish to have "an advantage" over us, as the phrase is; for after a little consultation one of the brothers stepped forward, and presented his companion as the Baron von Kerstenbroigk, and his brother as the Baron von Plettenberg, both lieutenants in the King of Prussia's guards, first

regiment of lancers—he himself was Baron Wilhelm von Plettenberg, and not a military man.

Now that they are introduced in due form, I must describe them. The Baron von Kerstenbroigk was the handsomest of the three, and just such a man as the hero of a novel is generally represented. He was very tall and very dark, a sort of Vandyke face, with hair, mustachios, and a profusion of *favoris*, as black as very jet itself. Though I speak of a "hero," I must say he was far from having anything of that superfine and lack-a-daisical race of gentry belonging to him, as he was a fine soldier-like looking young man, with just enough of gravity and reserve to make him interesting. There was, however, something very sly in the way he drew down his cap over his dark eyes, and his laugh was delightful—so boyish and full of fun.

The brothers Plettenberg had completely German faces, full of good-nature, very fair, and with the sort of auburn mustachios one sees on every lip (not the ladies,) in this country. The elder was rather sedate; his smile changed his countenance completely, but otherwise it was of that reflecting, contemplative cast

that invites you to study it, and makes you fancy there is much to discover:

. . . . "the stern
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern."

Nevertheless he was *not* "stern," only grave; but I could not spoil Lord Byron's rhyme.

The Baron Wilhelm von Plettenberg's face makes me laugh now while I am thinking of it and writing about it. I never saw a physiognomy more full of glee, and merriment, and good-nature, and fun. When he laughed, every line in his face, his eyes, the dimples that kept peeping in and out round his mouth, and in his cheeks, — the white teeth that glanced from under his thick mustachios,—all laughed, too. He had a droll roguish way of putting his tongue between his teeth when anything amused him, that was quite irresistible. I never could help laughing when I caught a glimpse of his countenance, even though it was at the other end of the steamer, and I did not know the cause of his mirth:—the latter was most infectious.

The two other barons spoke nothing but German; but Wilhelm von Plettenberg did not

stop at any language. His French was not the most intelligible in the world, but qu' importe! His English consisted chiefly in copying our exclamations as we passed the castles, &c. on the Rhine. At last he became so au fait that even before we had time to say anything, he would cry out, "Eh! look, look—das ist beautivul!" and his merry laugh at this exploit in English rang through the deck.

Our day's delay at Coblentz caused us to lose many of our fellow-passengers; but the vessel was as full as ever when we embarked again. We had not much opportunity, however, of studying the new-comers, though there were some interesting little groups among them too; for the increasing beauty of the scenery engrossed all our attention. The day was neither so hot nor so windy as the former, and there was nothing to mar the pleasure of the voyage between Coblentz and Mayence.

I was glad to see a large party of Dutch on board. Experience had even already taught me to look for superior information and agreeability in these people, and I could bear ample testimony to the truth of Mrs. Trollope's flattering report of them. One young Dutchman,

who got into conversation with us this day, spoke English almost as well as ourselves, and his knowledge of English literature was such as many a native of our isles might have been proud of. I was looking into Mrs. Trollope's account of the Rhine, when he came up; his eyes brightened as they fell upon the book, and of course I took care to enlarge upon what I knew was in his thoughts at the moment, namely, her remarks on his countrymen. He was a very favourable sample himself.

We were now approaching Bingen, and the time drew nigh when we must bid adieu to our *old* and well-beloved friends, the three Prussian barons. The parting was a most tender one, for we really were all very sorry to say good-bye. They had been collecting together their baggage, and when the fatal bell sounded the signal to leave the steamer, all came up to where we were sitting, and stood before us with doffed caps. Kerstenbroigk looked grave, Plettenberg graver than ever, and Wilhelm—the gay Wilhelm!—not a wrinkle moved round his funny eyes—not a dimple "had leave to stir;" his whole face was sobered down into sadness: we discovered that he actually *could* look serious.

Then ensued mutual regrets, and protestations, and exchanging of cards, and hopes of meeting again, and pretty speeches of all sorts; but again the inexorable bell rang, and more impatiently than before, and away hurried our friends. The steamer waited a few minutes longer while the luggage of the people landing at Bingen was being carried on shore. After the Prussian travellers had got all theirs safely together on the quay, they hastened down to the water's edge, just as the vessel was starting, and there they stood, the three young men, waving their hats until we were out of sight. Just as we were turning a point of rock, and when they could perceive us no longer, I saw them wheel round, and bound lightly up the acclivity.

This was our last glimpse of our three agreeable friends! Most probably we shall never see them again!

We were not much in the humour for making new acquaintances after this little scene. G—— complained of a head-ache, and went to sit for a while in the carriage. W—— began to talk to a French lady a little way off, who had sat next him at dinner, and I remained standing in

the same place, looking over the ship's side at the banks of the Rhine, which were gradually decreasing in beauty, and moralizing most profoundly on various subjects.

I thought how little we endeavour to turn to a *practical* account the passing events of every day! All is changing and fleeting and transitory around us, except our own thoughts, which stand still, (in some senses at least,) and continue stupidly engrossed with the present, seldom carried forward by these perpetual changes to the *end* of them all, the eternity which lies beyond, to which they are hurrying us. This must be the case; for were it otherwise we should be much less occupied with this world than we are, and think more of the next.

As it is, leaf after leaf of the book of life is opening before us; we study it with delight, for in truth it *is* a delightful thing to read those living pages, as in turn each presents itself; to observe our fellow-actors on the stage, each performing his part in the drama of life; to speculate on the motives, the feelings, the secret springs that direct every action, word, and look; in short, to consider the different

minds and characters with which we are brought in contact as sources of interest and investigation.

Well, the leaf turns!—(one I felt had just done so in our case),—another appears, and we apply ourselves with renewed energy to study it. But do we make a practical use of all this? Do we think of the time when the book will be closed for ever?—when we shall have got to the last of those pages on which we so love to ponder?—when the awful volume of eternity, not time, will open before us?

I was interrupted in my musings by a gentleman who came up with one of those nice little portable stools, like our garden chairs, which are used on the Rhine steamers. He arranged the stool against the side of the vessel, and very politely begged me to be seated. Though I should rather not have been interrupted just then, I could not avoid acknowledging the civility, and this led to further conversation.

I soon found my companion to be just the sort of person likely to fall in with the moralizing, philosophising mood I was indulging, as he proved to be what in French is so expres-

sively called " un homme sensible,"—meaning, however, something very different from a " sensible man." He was a Parisian, and his melodious accent sounded like music after the barbarous, mutilated sort of Gallic compound we had heard all day from the various people of various countries in the steamer. German, too, in the mouths of some persons, especially in men of the inferior ranks, has a harsh, guttural, and somewhat vulgar sound; but French, by whoever spoken, has a finish and refinement about it, that makes the speaker attractive. The Parisian accent my new acquaintance had in perfection, and from what I gathered from his conversation, he appeared to move in a high circle in Paris. He gave me an interesting account of the state of society there, and deplored bitterly the engrossing interest politics possessed now in every circle. " They had," he said, " excluded every other subject, and literature and the fine arts were quite driven out of the field."

My new friend entertained, or seemed to entertain, an exalted idea of the English women, their education and attainments. No wonder, contrasting them with his own country-women,

who, until within a few years, were scarcely taught to spell, and even now, from his account, must, in general, be very superficially educated. Indeed, from all I can learn about womankind abroad, always excepting the "Hollandaises," a very Turkish sort of opinion seems to be prevalent respecting them:—*souls*, I believe, they are allowed to possess, but *minds* are still regarded as rather a doubtful appendage.

About the education of men, the Parisian gentleman gave me much interesting information. He said the studies at the Ecole Polytechnique were so severe, that it required strong health to enable a young man to go through with them. He made the very same complaints I have so often heard in England about the time and trouble wasted in acquiring a mass of useless classical lore, which is often forgotten completely a year or two after the student has turned his back upon the university.

"With respect to myself," he added, "I was one of the best classical scholars of my day at the Ecole Polytechnique. My poor mother was the happiest of women every examination, for I carried away every prize. I do not say this par vanité; on the contrary, I ought to be

ashamed to confess that I have now forgotten almost every word of my Latin; and here I have been in this steamer all day not able to speak a word to a soul, because, instead of studying English and German, and what would have been useful to me now, I wasted the time over what has not been so in the slightest degree. Greek and Latin are very well at college,—mais en voyage, c'est une autre affaire."

"Do you purpose travelling far?" I asked.

"No, only to Baden. After the fatigues of a season in Paris, a German watering-place is very needful—I should have liked a quieter place to recruit in; but ma femme," and he glanced over very affectionately towards the lady W—— was talking to,—"ma femme veut s'amuser, and I always gratify her when I can."

He then gave me an account of his adventures since he left Paris, which were various, his carriage having broken down two or three times, &c. He did not seem, however, to care for anything, so that Madame was not put out of her way, and he appeared very anxious that the "toilettes nombreuses," which he said filled the imperials, and were, I suppose, destined to astonish the fashionables of Baden, should

arrive there safely. "I generally get up at four every morning to see that all is right," he added, "but of course I do not disturb *her* until the last moment."

"Here, at all events, is a good husband!" thought I.

We went on discussing other topics, grave and gay, and every moment I became more and more convinced that my French friend was a person of good sense, refinement of feeling, and observation, and that he had a very interesting and instructive way of communicating his knowledge on most subjects. Moreover, I came to this conclusion, that if we had met earlier in the day, I should not have seen quite so much as I did of the beauties of the Rhine.

We agreed very well until we got to French literature and poetry—he was enthusiastic about the latter; but though I made every concession I possibly could, consistent with candour, I could not entirely conceal my old deep-rooted feelings respecting the "monotony in wire." He took a most agreeable mode of endeavouring to bring me over, that of quoting some of the most admired passages in Racine's

" Phedre" and " La Henriade." They could not have had a better advocate; he repeated them with exquisite expression and feeling, and when he launched forth at last in that touching episode of Délille, the young man lost in the catacombs at Rome, which, in spite of all my prejudices, is one of my greatest favourites in the poetical way, I had not a word to say. Indeed, he seemed to imagine, from the effect this produced, that I was become quite a convert, and triumph shone in his eyes as he gave the last lines,

" Et rempli d'une joie inconnue et profonde
Son cœur croit assister au premier jour du monde."

However this was, I was able to make the amende honorable to his national vanity in speaking of De la Martine's delightful work, " Souvenirs, Impressions et Pensées, &c." He told me this excellent man devotes all the proceeds of his writings to charity, and he bitterly deplored his now giving himself up so entirely to politics as he does.

" We have plenty of politicians," he said, " mais des poëtes comme de la Martine—cela ne se trouve pas tous les jours."

Strange to say, I found out that our two fellow-voyagers of the former day, whom I had pronounced husband and wife, had excited the interest of this French gentleman quite as much as mine. He had, he said, observed them closely,—been quite struck with the devotion of the young lady, and equally puzzled with myself to discover their relationship to each other. I was delighted to hear this, as it justified my bestowing so much attention upon them, and showed there *was* something more in the case than what it owed to my imaginative propensities.

Nothing had been lost on Monsieur. The eau-de-cologne—the parasol—he had noticed all, and his curiosity prompted him to find out more about them. They *were* husband and wife, and only six months married! This was the bridal excursion—they were going into Switzerland and Italy, and were not to return home for a year:—"so," added my informant, "cette jeune dame aura assez de tems pour ses efforts de gagner le cœur de Monsieur son époux."—(The young lady will have abundance of time for her efforts to win the heart of her spouse.) Charles C——t was the name of the

impenetrable bridegroom—he had a house in the Faubourg St. Germain, was a man of fortune, and travelling with a handsome equipage.

"But it was none of these things that gained him his interesting young wife," said the Frenchman, "that is quite plain—mais, c'est incroyable!—un homme de la sorte inspirer une telle passion!"

He then began to speak of the lady, and we debated sundry very abstruse and knotty points respecting her, viz. whether her excessive affection for her husband was a source of happiness or misery to her, or whether its not being returned was likely to render the thing more permanent or extinguish it altogether.

"One thing is certain," said my companion, his countenance becoming very grave as he wound up his arguments; "one thing is certain, and that is, that the more *épris* a man is, the worse a ménage always goes on. No husband who, in the slightest degree consults his own interest, should ever pay too much attention to his wife."

I struggled hard to maintain a proper degree

of gravity at this speech, and the way in which it was delivered; but it would not do; my rebellious lips refused to obey, and broke out, in spite of me, into a smile."

The quick-sighted Frenchman perceived it in a moment, and understood the cause. I saw by his face when I looked up again, that he read what was passing in my mind.

"Pray forgive me," I said, "excuse my taking the liberty of forming an opinion on so slight an acquaintance; but—I—I——"

"Ah! I see Mademoiselle has had the penetration to discover that my practice does not agree with my theory. Well, I confess it, and perhaps," he added with a smile, "that is the very reason my eyes are so open to the evil consequences I allude to."

This rather confirmed my opinion of Madame, who, though she had managed so to captivate her very agreeable husband, was, nevertheless, I fancied, not half so much to be liked as he. She seemed an exacting, troublesome little personage, and just the sort of woman to take advantage of his attachment to her.

I could hardly fancy any Frenchman could

so far get over his national prejudices, as to censure in the unqualified terms he did, their system of marriages. He explained the whole business. When a man has enjoyed about thirty years of his life, his friends begin to think that he is old enough, and steady enough, and discreet and experienced enough, to undertake the management of that very anxious little household acquisition, a wife. A young lady belonging to some ami de la maison, just emancipated from her convent, and sent home at the privileged age of eighteen, is fixed on. What she is, nobody cares—indeed even if they did, nobody could find out; for a well-behaved young French lady is trained up to conceal every natural feeling, and to look, and speak, and laugh, and cry, according to fixed rules. All, therefore, are exactly alike, —until they are married!

However, the young lady's family is good, and so is her fortune, and the friends on both sides meet at the house of a third. Here they and their lawyers settle the whole affair. The two young people are made one flesh, and if they fall in love with each other after, why, so much the better for them!

"Ma foi!" exclaimed Monsieur, "is it not a detestable arrangement, thus cutting off les plus beaux jours de la vie—Il est si doux pour un homme sensible de se croire aimé une fois au moins! But you must not think all marriages are conducted so, sans amour. No—no—every rule has its exceptions." And again his eye stole over to the opposite side of the deck.

We were now approaching Mayence. Madame began to get fidgety, and to look anxiously towards her carriage. Doubtless she was thinking of her caps and bonnets, and calculating the chances of their being tumbled in getting the vehicle on shore. Her watchful spouse, whose glances generally took a little reconnoitring voyage towards her every ten minutes, to see how she was getting on, flew to her side. In a few moments he returned, and we exchanged various good wishes and a most affectionate farewell.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mayence—The Cathedral—Market-Place—Scriptural Paintings.

ALL now was bustle on board the little vessel, every one hurrying on shore to secure accommodations at the various hotels, and indeed it was necessary to be "sharp" in order to effect this.

W—— left us on board, and ran on before to the hotel. After two or three attempts, he at last succeeded with much difficulty in procuring a bed-room, and a large salon, at the end of which they promised to put up a bed. It was most fortunate he was able to manage this, for dear G—— was quite overcome with fatigue and indisposition, and in her suffering state it was very desirable to get housed somewhere without delay.

A tall, thin, good-natured looking, pale-faced waiter, with a long crane-like neck, showed us up stairs with a thousand apologies. He filled that important office in a German hotel, "ober-kellner," or head-waiter, and during the ascent a dozen people came to him, pressing their claims from every quarter. No sooner had he stretched out his anxious face in one direction, and began to exert his energies to contrive how he might satisfy the applicant, than another seized him from a fresh side, and then came new requests increasing in urgency, until the poor man, between his wish to oblige every one, and the impossibility of doing so, looked the very picture of distress and perplexity.

The town seemed literally overflowing with travellers. As we sat at the window of the salon, we saw carriage after carriage loaded with imperials, and covered with dust, drive up to the door. The orange and blue postilion had hardly pulled up his reins, when out of the hotel darted the pale-faced waiter, and in his anxiety to save the travellers the trouble of getting out, poked his long neck into the carriage as far as it would reach, looking so sorry, and so concerned, and so miserable at not be-

ing able to receive them, that it was quite distressing to see him.

We could hardly help congratulating ourselves at being so well off, when we saw the tired, hot, dusty, disappointed looking faces that were sent away from the door. The poor horses too, it was a grievous take-in upon them. From the way German horses are harnessed, the leaders being always yards distant from the wheelers,—the former had turned down the porte cochère, and were some paces on the road to the stables, while the carriage was still at the inn door. There they stood, poor, patient things, with their heads down, thinking all their troubles were over, expecting every moment to be unharnessed, and never of course calculating on the chances of the Hotel d' Hollande being full. It quite grieved me to see them rudely roused from this agreeable state of inaction, and their poor heads turned again towards the weary, dusty road.

Everything went on very well until bed-time, when, lo! on examining the door of the salon which had been contrived "a double debt to pay," the key was found missing. A vigorous search was commenced,—divers waiters and

kammermädchen consulted, but to no purpose. At length, the long neck, with the pale face at the end of it, appeared at the door, and hope revived. If any one could procure the indispensable key, it was he, and to go to bed without it was impossible!

There was a long pause,—suspense and sleepiness were contending for pre-eminence when our pale-faced friend appeared,—and—there *was* a key in his hand! He applied it to the door, and the lock sprang out as fast as a foreign lock could spring.

"Ah! that will do famously," said he, "the key does not belong to the door, so I must take it with me after it is locked—I shall want it for the other rooms to-morrow—but I can fasten this now—that is simple enough."

Here was a fresh dilemma! To go to sleep locked up in a room, with the key in the waiter's pocket, would not have been exactly practicable, however simple it appeared in the eyes of our civil friend.

However, he must have been a poor physiognomist who could have anticipated any very obstinate opposition on the part of the pale-faced waiter. There was a nervous anx-

iety to please in every line of his countenance, and it did not belie him, for after a little more expostulation, he gave up the key. The other rooms were left to their fate, and how they fared in the morning we never heard.

Next day, in defiance of the burning sun, W—— and I set out to see the cathedral. There is something cooling and refreshing in the very thoughts of a Münster during such melting weather. The lofty roofs and high painted windows, through which a ray of sunshine never penetrates—the cold stone floors—the damp, chilling breeze that comes up from the old subterranean vaults, and long, dark, narrow passages, and plays through the arched cloisters; and the fresh, earthy, damp, *old* smell that is peculiar to ancient cathedrals, and is met nowhere else.

But to enjoy all these luxuries one must encounter the intense heat of the streets, and notwithstanding all that has been said and sung of the enjoyment of pleasures in anticipation, I question whether the prospect of the cooling before us, did much in lessening the effect of the burning sun pouring its perpendicular rays upon our unfortunate heads, or the hot paving-

stones sending a current of warmth up through our feet. What between the supply from above and beneath, our persons had imbibed such a thorough baking and broiling during the walk, that the chill of the cathedral was likely to have little effect, except indeed on the principle by which it is said a vessel of boiling liquid, if suddenly plunged into a deep well, is sooner iced than if it had been cold.

But with the church-towers, and all the cooling reflections therewith connected, actually in sight, we were obliged to linger a few minutes in the market-place. We did so despite the heat, and I cannot possibly convey a higher idea of its attractions, or pay it a greater compliment, than when I say this.

The scene was very pretty, and most amusing; the gay, picturesque, showy costumes of the peasants; the delightful smell of the fresh flowers, and fruits, and vegetables, and the variety of things of every sort and kind; toys, birds, old rags, books, furniture, eatables, drinkables, and wearables, that were exposed for sale, made the whole thing most entertaining. Then it was such a miniature picture of life, and particularly rural life, (for most of the

people seemed to have come in from the country,), that it was quite a little world in itself, and most tempting to study.

The peasants were all so happy, and so lively, and so busy, and there was such a hum and buz of talking, and laughing, and bargaining, and gossiping, that the market-place looked like a hive. The old were intent upon gain,—the young upon pleasure, and other frivolous pursuits that young men and maidens of twenty years old and thereabouts, are prone to, in cottages, palaces, and eke in comfortable, happy-medium, substantial brick-and-mortar houses. The children were full of glee and merriment, one or two supremely blest above their companions, in the possession of a great, doughy, half-baked biscuit, thickly plastered over with cherries and lumps of brown sugar.

In short, all were making themselves as happy as they could, chacun à sa manière, and I should have been delighted to have got behind a tall market-basket, and staid there half the day, making my observations on each group, and speculating, and guessing, and trying to find out what every man, woman, and child was saying and thinking. But the im-

minent peril in which we were that every moment, this

> . . . . . solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,

forbade our delaying any longer in the sun, and we repaired to the cathedral.

The outside of the Münster at Mayence has a fine effect, from the peculiar deep-red stone of which it is built. The rich colouring and glow of this is very picturesque, but the inside of the building is plain and unadorned. The roof, instead of displaying the gorgeous fretwork we had been accustomed to, is simply plastered, and the walls have the cold, bare, white-washed look of a parish school-house. The altar, however, is like all those in similar places of worship, as smart and showy as carving and gilding can make it. There are several monuments, all very magnificent, and many in very good taste; but though at some you open wide your eyes to wonder and admire, there are others which force you to open your mouth quite as wide to laugh at them, particularly those which represent the electors of Mayence with the kings and emperors they have crowned.

On these occasions, the elector, whom, of course, the artist wishes to magnify and honour as much as he can, is made nearly as large as the niche will admit. The princes, therefore, of whom there are, in some instances, as many as three, are screwed into the corners and angles, diminished to any size that is most convenient.

The next object is to manage the prelate's hands, so that they shall reach the heads to be crowned, and in so doing, they certainly appear to be undergoing sore dislocation. The whole group are placed standing on the backs of outlandish, big-headed, mishapen animals, and these creatures, naturally enough,—who could blame them for it?—are straining every nerve to bite the sacred and imperial toes that are crushing them.

There are several monuments, however, very beautiful, and some venerable from their antiquity. Frastrada, the wife of Charlemagne, is buried at this cathedral, and in the cloisters is a very old monument, erected to the memory of one of those troubadours for whom Mayence was once celebrated. He was called Frauenlob, which means the praise of women, from the skill with which he sang the charms of

the fair sex. As a mark of respect and gratitude to him who had devoted his powers to their service, the ladies of Mayence carried the troubadour to his grave. The slab representing this scene is almost worn out by time, but though their features are effaced, the flowing robes and veils of the female bearers are still well defined.

There are not many paintings in the cathedral at Mayence, but several pieces of sculpture. Some of these are as absurd and as full of anachronisms as the massacre of the Innocents at Brussels, with the latter dressed up like little Dutchmen and women. One group I remarked, in one of the aisles, representing our Lord in the sepulchre, surrounded by cardinals in their robes, with the guard of soldiers dressed in the German military costume of the sixteenth century! These absurd mistakes are very often to be met with abroad, and their effect, when applied to sacred subjects, is very painful. It has frequently surprised me to find in tolerably executed paintings things that would shock the common sense of a child of ten years old.

Very fine paintings, by good masters, of scriptural events, are most interesting to look

at. I do not speak of the light in which they may be held in Roman Catholic churches, for that is a question I mean not to enter upon; but as representing subjects of deep and vital importance, and as tending to excite devotional feeling, I cannot help regarding them as both useful and delightful. They bring those events before us in a more vivid and tangible form, than mere narration could do, and the impression they leave on the mind is indelible. I may be wrong, for I speak only from personal experience, and this is a bad foundation on which to venture an opinion; but I do think reading the scriptures after the mind has been powerfully affected by these beautiful associations with its events, is more forcible and impressive than before.

The feeling left upon mine by the terrific painting of the martyrdom of St. Peter, at Cologne, is one that I am sure no time can efface. There are, perhaps, few persons in holy writ whose character is so strongly conveyed to us in a few bold, marked traits as that of this apostle,—few also which we can so fully enter into and sympathise with. His ardent, zealous, enthusiastic nature, open to every im-

pression, acted on by every impulse in the early stage of his career; his warmth and impetuosity of feeling, which made his love so strong and fervent, his repentance so bitter, so profound; all these characteristics are so natural, and so well understood, that they cannot but impart to the individual a degree of endearing interest.

I can now never read the parting expressions of the aged martyr, "Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me,"—these words breathing such a spirit of patient and meek submission to the divine will, without thinking of the terrific painting. Dreadful indeed was the death to which he looked forward so resignedly!—and revolting the agonies in the midst of which, after his long and laborious life, the venerable saint at last "put off his tabernacle."

The sufferings and martyrdoms of the early Christians are favourite subjects in all the churches and cathedrals abroad. It is impossible to witness these without thinking, with a pang of shame, how unwillingly *we* make the light and trifling sacrifices required of us in

the same great cause, and how often, small as they are, we shrink from them altogether.

There is a very interesting painting of the martyrdom of Stephen on the roof of the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle. Every savage and diabolical passion scowls on the countenances of the murderers, who stand ready to hurl upon his head the huge stones in their hands—while the youthful and beautifully placid countenance of the saint, "like the face of an angel," is uplifted with an expression of beaming and radiant exultation. One can imagine the parted lips uttering a prayer for his murderers, as he kneels apparently unmindful of the stream of blood that gushes from his right temple.

But what are all these compared to the representation of the great sacrifice in which we are all personally and individually interested? A painting of this subject that comes home to the mind with a thrilling sense of reality, is a Rubens, in the Museum at Brussels. It represents our blessed Lord's ascent to Mount Calvary. The expression of this picture is truly heart-rending. There is something in the countenance of our Divine Redeemer as he toils up the

mountain, bending under the weight of his cross, so expressive of utter exhaustion,—so forsaken,—so abandoned,— every feature is so completely sunk and clouded with suffering, that cold indeed must be the heart that can look on it unmoved. It is a thing not to be described, but you feel that you are gazing on Him whose " visage was so marred, more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men."

One thing is very observable in most sacred paintings, namely, the strong difference made by the artists in the expression given to the countenance of our Lord and that of any of his followers at the hour of death. They seem to have been fully aware of the awful withdrawal of every support, divine and human, from Him upon whom our iniquities were laid. The martyrs, expiring amidst torments frightful to think of, and far too revolting to describe, exhibit a hopeful and a triumphant air, that plainly speaks of a sustaining power and influence from above. This is never seen in the sufferings of the Redeemer.

And so it was. He who did then, and does now, so brighten the dark valley of the shadow

of death to his faithful followers—so cheer and sustain them in the last awful moments—was himself at that hour deserted—forsaken. Alone he was left to tread the wine-press of the Divine wrath—alone to struggle with the anguish that wrung from him that bitter cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

This painting of Rubens reminds me of another sacred though certainly not *scriptural* picture, hanging not far from it on the same wall. It is also by him and beautifully executed, but the design is the most extraordinary one that ever was transferred from an artist's brain to his canvass. Our blessed Lord is represented descending from the clouds armed with thunderbolts and lightnings, and about to destroy the world, which, under the figure of a globe, is in one corner of the picture. Part of it is already consumed, when the Virgin (not in a particularly modest costume) throws herself before it, and holds back the avenging hand, while St. Francis covers up the globe in his cloak.

How so monstrous an idea could ever have entered the imagination of the painter, I cannot imagine. The *Saviour* of the world represented

as its *destroyer!* He whose very name carries with it the glad sound of deliverance and redemption—the Being to whom alone every creature that draws human breath can cling for salvation! There was a group of admiring gazers collected round the picture, and they did not seem in the least affected by the ungrateful mistake of the artist. I longed to write at the bottom, those words in St. John's gospel, "God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved."

But I forget all this time, while I have been travelling back crab-fashion through Aix-la-Chapelle to the Museum at Brussels, that one o'clock,—table d'hôte hour at the hotel d'Hollande,—is approaching, and that we have to return to the said hotel for dinner, having to get to Schwalbach in the evening.

The dining-room overflowed with guests. I learned from my neighbour the reason of the long crowded tables, and of the extraordinary influx of visiters the night before, which had so discomposed the pale-faced waiter. There was to be that evening in a garden near Mayence a concert of military music. These

concerts took place every Friday, and multitudes of persons from all the neighbouring watering-places, Ems, Wiesbaden, Schlangenbad, Schwalbach, &c., poured into the town to attend them.

We had a delightful band all the time of dinner playing in a room adjoining the dining salon, and before the dessert was put on, two pretty peasant girls came in with baskets of flowers, which they handed round to the guests. The nosegays were nicely tied up, and as fresh and fragrant as possible, with the dew still sparkling upon them.

I could not help thinking what an idea of refinement it gave, and how softening the effect of dining thus in an atmosphere of music and flowers. This struck me very forcibly when I saw my neighbour, a hard-featured little Prussian officer, who had been talking German the roughest and most guttural across the table to two of his comrades, playing with the nosegay for which he had just thrown a handful of kreutzers to the blushing damsel who had laid it beside his plate. It was composed of a delicate moss-rose, some mignionette, and sweet-pea, and the contrast

of these to the grim, weather-beaten, mahogany-face of the old veteran, whose nature seemed about as soft as his epaulettes, was very striking.

We started from Mayence in the afternoon, and notwithstanding the warnings of the French lady on board the Dampfschiffe, who declared that "at Langen-Schwalbach one would die of ennui in a week,"—the horses' heads were turned in that direction. Ennui being a malady to whose attacks we were not subject, there was not much danger of its proving fatal to any of us, even in this quietest of the German "bads."

As we drove along we could not avoid descanting on what I have before alluded to, the great obligations we owe to authors for the flowers they have strewn in paths where perhaps we ourselves should not have found any.

The visiter of the Brunnens of Nassau must indeed be a very ungrateful, or else a most conceited wight, who does not acknowledge this towards the writer of the "Bubbles." He has invested everything connected with them, with such a spirit of wit and liveliness, such depth of reflection and knowledge of human

nature, that not only is the attraction doubled, but a new interest is actually created.

His descriptions are so graphic, they bring before you so vividly, so tangibly the persons and things described, that when you come to see those persons and things you cannot persuade yourself that they are not old, familiar objects. Indeed from the moment we got into the region of "Bubbles," our feelings were just those of people returning to some well-remembered spot after a long absence; our heads peered out of the carriage windows with the eager, inquiring air of those who expect every moment to recognize some well-known scene, and our lips involuntarily settled themselves into a smile, preparing to be as much amused with the reality as the description.

The superiority of manner over matter (in trifling affairs) strikes you very much in comparing the Brunnens themselves with the Brunnens of the author of the "Bubbles." Not that there is anything exaggerated or over-coloured in his pictures, but certain it is, the place derives far more interest from the book, than the book does from the place. With such an exquisite talent for description, even a rusty nail

might become interesting in his hands; and, their memories stored with his descriptions, the English at these baths are constantly performing that inverted mental operation of referring the original to the copy, instead of the copy to the original. This sort of feeling is very common; when a picturesque group of buildings or a beautiful effect of light strikes us, how apt we are to exclaim, "O how beautiful, how like Prout!—how like Copley Fielding!"* &c.—making,—conceited mortals that we are!—the works of our poor fellow-men the models of excellence instead of its weak imitators.

We stopped for an hour or two at Schlangenbad, and hastened to *re-visit* the spots and scenes we had already so often rambled over on paper. Everything was delightful, seen through eyes that belonged to a "Head" far more gifted than those which flourished between our shoulders.

* Gilpin, when he met with a beautiful scene in nature, used frequently to exclaim, "O how *clever!*"

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival at Langen-Schwalbach—House-hunting—Pursuits of the visiters—Cottage bonnets—Women and cows—A lady scarecrow.

It was late in the evening when, suddenly appearing out of the wooded hills that seemed to us far from any haunts of men, the quiet, comfortable-looking, snug little village of Langen-Schwalbach burst upon us by surprise. It is so concealed and embedded in overhanging forests on one side, that you are in it before you are aware there is such a thing as a house within miles of you. The gay, fashionably dressed ladies, with their glasses for drinking the waters in their hand, promenading about, looked as wonderful as the warriors that peopled the lonely hill-side, starting out of

bush and brake at the blast of Roderick Dhŭ's bugle.

We drove to the Alléé Saal. (Promenade hotel.) A group of waiters were at the door, but they did not, as waiters usually do, tear open the carriage door before it has well stopped, and fling down the step with a confusion that brings books, baskets, parasols, or whatever loose articles may chance to be in the pockets or at your feet, tumbling about in the street. On the contrary, these waiters stood perfectly still, with their hands quietly ensconced in their jacket pockets. Their heads, however, shook, and their lips moved, and "Alles besetzt," (all occupied,) issued from the latter.

Our little postilion pricked up his ears at these words—he was a wrinkled, mahogany-coloured, dried-up little fellow, with twinkling eyes, and a huge pair of brass earrings, that each looked nearly as large in circumference as his whole visage. When perched up on his horses and encased in the great boots, that were so ludicrously disproportioned to his spider legs, he reminded you of an old brown shrivelled walnut in its shell, or a smoked herring that had been hung up six months to dry in a cottage chimney.

With that sort of guttural grunt so well understood by German horses, the little man stood up in his boots, and called to the leaders: —they raised their heads slowly and unwillingly, and away we drove to another hotel. This was also full, and now we resolved to alight, and perambulate ourselves the little town of lodging-houses.

Our researches were very amusing, but not very profitable, for "Alles besetzt" met us at every quarter. The various proprietors of the various "hofs" were most civil, and most sorry; but at each door, full, plump cherry-lips, and thin, shrivelled, skinny lips; and lips fresh from the ardent pressure of that beloved object, the tobacco-pipe, all told the same tale, "Alles besetzt," until we began to think these two fatal words were the only ones we were doomed to hear at Langen-Schwalbach.

It was woeful to meet with so much inhospitality in a place where every city and nation under heaven seemed to have its representative. There was the "Englishen Hof," the "Pariser Hof," the Petersburg, German, Berlin, and Dutch Hofs, but no country seemed willing to take us in. One hotel-keeper, re-

solved upon outdoing all his cotemporaries, had named *his* hof "Die Ganze Welt," (the whole world,) but I very much question whether even in "the whole world," had we tried, there would have been found a corner for us. The "Beiden Indien" (Two Indies) repulsed us,—the "Drei Switzer" (Three Swiss) were equally unkind.

At last the "Stadt Koblenz," the hospitable little "City of Coblentz," redeemed the character of the nations and opened its doors. All the family came out to meet us. There was Herr Herber, the proprietor, a thin, bald-headed little man, Wilhelm, his son and heir, Zapphina, his daughter, a round, plump, smiling, good-humoured little damsel, and Caterina the servant maid. They accompanied us through the seven carpetless rooms, which, wonderful to relate, were not "besetzt." Though small, they were all well-arranged, no room being burdened or encumbered with extra furniture —indeed, in some, even necessaries had very considerately been left out. Nothing too could be more admirable than the ventilation. There were wide apertures between the boards of the staircase, which admitted a refreshing current;

and the fine, bracing, healthful air of Schwalbach, came in through sundry imperceptible crevices in the wooden walls.

We went up stairs and down stairs, and into the rooms and out again several times, with a sort of lingering hope that the more we looked and the oftener we visited, the more reconciled we should become to these *novelties*. The good-humoured people of the house followed us,—Zapphina carrying her ponderous keys. But it would not do, and we apologised our way out of the house and down the steps, the men bowing as civilly, and Zapphina and Caterina smiling as sweetly, and looking as pleased and good-tempered, as if the hof had been engaged.

Some one told us that something was to be had at the "Goldene Kette," (golden chain,) a hotel in the next street. We picked our way over the rough, uneven pavement, and soon reached an elderly-looking building, with high roof and balconies, very like the old houses at Chester, and gaily painted white and green.

Mine host of the Goldene Kette made his appearance with his mouth full of supper, his face full of smiles, and a napkin tied round his

waist. He assured us, *tout en mangeant*, that he had that day sent away two families; "But let me see," he added, "I think you said you had a carriage and servants;" and as if inspired by this idea, he mounted the stairs, making signs for us to follow. We threaded our way through sundry long, narrow, crooked passages, with as many turnings and windings as would have beaten Rosamond's bower, of immortal memory, quite hollow. Not that they were altogether as *fragrant*:—however, when we were almost giddy from our evolutions, the host stopped opposite a door at which he knocked.

"Herein," ("come in,") sounded from within, in two or three shrill female voices; whereupon, timidly, and with a thousand bows, smiles, and apologies, he half opened the door, and invited us to peep in. "These charming rooms," he said, "you can have to-morrow—there is a whole suite of them, one inside the other, and the ladies start for Ems in the morning."

"But to-night, good sir—"

"O to-night!—I can manage that. I have one room vacant at the end of the passage—

you shall have it—'tis not very small. O, I assure you, it is not," he added, earnestly, seeing unfavourable symptoms in our faces—"and for one night only—for one single night!"

This was said very imploringly, and in a sort of appealing tone, which seemed to imply some astonishment on the part of the host, that we could not possibly be so exceedingly unreasonable as to object to sleeping all together in one small room—"for one night only,—one single night."

We proceeded on our way, and explored sundry other hofs. The result of our experience was to put us in much better humour with the "Stadt Koblenz," and finally, all things considered—to pronounce it the most desirable quarter we had seen. We thought of the old song,

"Try me, try me
Prove ere you deny me,"

and on the strength of it, turned our steps towards the despised domicile, and were received as warmly as ever by the smiling Zapphina and her bunch of keys.

The first important point, was to decide which of the seven rooms, each of which had a bed, or beds in it, was to have the honour of being a salon. This arranged, all our energies were next devoted to making said salon as comfortable as we could. During our researches up stairs, the valuable discovery of two chairs —which actually had steel spring cushions upon them! was made:—these luxuries were soon brought down, together with a sofa to replace the bed.

One sofa the room already boasted—a large magnificent-looking article, loyally covered with the national blue, with fine yellow birds having prodigiously long tails, sprawling over it in all directions. The gently swelling cushion looked most inviting to weary travellers—but, alas! like many fair things in this disappointing world, the sofa proved deceitful! No sooner had you thrown yourself down on the yellow birds, than you were rudely flung back again with an unexpected rebound, in the most inhospitable and affronting manner. The stout uncompromising steel springs gave you summary warning that they were made, not for the indulgence of luxury, but to stand the wear

and fear of future generations of dwellers in the Stadt Koblenz.

When the carriage was unpacked, and the writing-cases, books, &c., brought into the salon, they added very much to our scanty furniture. Indeed, at last, things came pouring in so fast, that we were at a loss where to put them, and soon the wooden chairs and tables were all occupied. Our carriage-books had been gradually increasing since we left England; at every town on the way one or two had been added to the collection. We hardly knew how many they had swelled to, until they were now all gathered together, and Herr Herber and his son appeared bearing them between them in a *clothes-basket!* Their exclamations were very amusing; doubtless such a library had never before entered the wooden walls of the Stadt Koblenz: "Bücher genüg fur eine ganze welt!" (books enough for the whole world,) they cried, laying down their load.

But enough of our home department:—time would fail me were I to tell of all the luxuries that were gradually added to our establishment, and how comfortable and happy we succeeded in making ourselves in pro-

cess of time;—how a tin tea-kettle was bought, and a little stool, and some magnificent foot-baths, and cups and saucers, and many things besides; and how a horizontal grand piano-forte, and a guitar, were hired.

What with these two last, and the uncarpeted floor, and the quantities of books, and our ink-bottles and writing materials, candour compels me to confess the derogatory fact, that our "salon" looked most exceedingly like a school-room, or to speak more elegantly, "*the study*" in an "establishment for young gentlemen or ladies." The likeness was increased afterwards manifold by the daily visits of the Herr Röhling, professor of the German language in Langen-Schwalbach.

The morning after our arrival was one of pouring rain; it seemed, however, to make no difference with the water drinkers, who were promenading up and down the walks with their umbrellas in one hand and their glasses in the other, most perseveringly. We could see them from our windows, which commanded one of the prettiest views in the whole of Schwalbach. They doubtless considered that while the inner man and woman were kept so constantly

drenched, the outer might, without having any great injustice to complain of, be suffered to come in for a share of the watery element.

The first thing that struck us at Schwalbach was the complete change of temperature. From broiling heat it became cool, nay, almost sharp did we find the mountain air. It seemed as though we had made a sudden jump from the height of summer to the middle of autumn. This is not altogether to be attributed to the place, though the climate of this elevated region is far cooler than elsewhere, and the winter comes on sooner; but just at this moment the change in the weather was general.

The first night we arrived, it was such a luxury to feel not only cool, but *cold!* that I lay enjoying the latter sensation until it became almost painful. Even then I really had a sort of qualm of conscience in preventing what a few days before I would have given the world to have felt for a few moments, by drawing up the stuffed quilted coverlid, which in Germany serves for blankets and counterpane. It was so delightful, and such a novelty to *shiver* a little, after suffering from heat to that

degree that necessary garments were a burden, that it seemed quite ungrateful not to prolong the pleasure. However, we soon found that the memory of departed warmth, however great, would not keep out present cold, and were glad to have recourse to sundry discarded comforts in the covering way.

How strange it is, that if we examine the sources of most of our sensations, either of pain or pleasure, we shall find them springing from the contrast to some opposite feeling. Following on this train of reasoning, would almost bring us to the conclusion, that, considered in themselves, there exist no such things actually as pain or pleasure, but that they are purely relative sensations. For instance, the exquisitely cool mountain breezes of Schwalbach would not have been hailed with such delight, but for the kind of half-baked condition in which we had existed ever since we reached Brussels. Then again we should not have nestled with so much satisfaction under the soft wadded counterpane, if the said mountain breezes had not been somewhat over penetrating when the moon was up.

It is not the strong, robust man, who com-

placently boasts that "no physician has ever been the better for *his* money," that enjoys his rude health the most. Ah, no. Ask yonder delicate-looking individual, whose pale cheek tells many a tale of recent suffering,—ask him, and he will tell you how delicious,—how surpassingly exquisite are the sensations on awaking out of the first sweet sleep after a fever—when the burning is gone—the dry, parched restlessness that sends the sufferer tossing wearily from side to side, in the vain effort to find some cool spot where he may obtain relief for the fevered limbs, over which the tight burning skin seems stretched as though it would crack; —the throbbing temples—the swoln, aching eye-lids — the intolerable, insatiable thirst, that every draught seems only to increase; it is these, all these, that enhance the delight of that awaking.

Any one that has once felt it, can never forget the sensation—the calm, cool, reposed feeling of delicious languor that succeeds those choking agonies—the soft, moist skin,—the sweet composure and thankfulness. And then when the sufferer is further restored, when he is taken out for the first time under the pure

fragrant air of heaven, and the glad song of the birds, and the trees and flowers, then *he* will tell you what a delightful thing health is.

This is the case with all our enjoyments—use takes off their keen edge. But there is no blessing that should so call forth our unceasing and fervent thankfulness, as that first and greatest treasure—health. The feeling of possessing it should check our repining at almost any other privation; for if we had everything this world affords, and wanted health, they would be as utterly unprofitable, as the loveliest landscape to a blind man. Health is a prism that makes every object seen through it bright and glowing, but "all is yellow to the jaundiced eye:" the mind suffers with its frail companion, the body, and when both are sick and aching, life becomes a weary burden.

I like to dwell on this subject, though it is most trite and common-place, because it is one we are so apt to lose sight of. Ungrateful creatures that we are, how often we forget to say, "the Lord gave," until we are forced to cry out in anguish of spirit, "the Lord hath taken away." Health, like many other of those common mercies which are renewed

to us every morning, is for that very reason, because it is a daily and a common blessing—all unacknowledged and unfelt.

No wonder that I should be betrayed into a dissertation on health at Langen-Schwalbach, where so many are in pursuit of it. There are sick ladies, watched and tended by their attentive husbands—and pale, delicate-looking men (always more interesting in that position from the painful contrast of suffering to manly habits and pursuits,) nursed by their anxious wives. Here the languid steps of the invalid mother are supported by the daughter,—and there is the child, watched over by the untiring love and sleepless vigilance of a mother's eye, and a mother's heart.

The one-eyed little doctor of the village, Fenner von Fenneberg, in a small work he has written on the waters of Schwalbach, attributes to them the power of curing almost every ill that flesh is heir to. He even goes so far as to assert that they can calm the sufferings of "*unglückliche liebe*," (unreturned love,) though we have it from the highest authority, that "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it," so I fear the waters of

Nassau, all-potent as they are, must give up this point.

It must not be imagined that all the bathers, and drinkers, and promenaders, and donkey-riders, are invalids. Far from it. Groups of the healthiest, happiest, most flourishing people in the world are seen sipping the sparkling liquid under the tent-like covering of the Pauline brunnen; all talking, laughing, and engaged in the little interesting matters that sometimes go on at watering-places, the former as merrily, and the latter as earnestly, as if there were no such things as pains and aches in this nether world.

It is amusing to observe the difference between the people of the different countries. The Germans and English are most alike, particularly the ladies. This last is partly owing to their style of dress, which is very like ours, and also to the way of putting on their clothes, so different from the smart, coquettish, *apprêté* manner of the French toilette. I was astonished to see the cottage-bonnet, which I always thought peculiarly and exclusively English, so universal here. One always attaches ideas of propriety, and decorum, and old maidishness to

these demure-looking coiffures; but here, where every German lady wears them, these ideas are soon put to flight. The bonnets themselves are the most prudish, proper articles in the world, as straight as straight can be; but so many laughing, roguish, sly faces are seen dimpling and smiling at the end of these straw telescopes, that one learns to look at the sober exterior with new eyes. The fair complexions and light hair often mislead you, and you fancy you are looking at your countrywomen, until an animated "Ja, ja," (yes, yes,) or an energetic "Gewiss," (certainly,) from some of the groupe, sets you right.

With respect to the men, the case is less doubtful, for the English lords of the creation bear that about them, in general, which distinguishes them from the men of any other country;—but should you be puzzled, you have only to watch a little more narrowly, and you will perchance see the handle of a long pipe, or a cigar peeping out somewhere. Or else have a moment's patience, and you will observe the gentleman fall back a little, put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, extract from thence a

flint and steel, and proceed to strike a light. This is a decisive symptom.

Nassau is not "le paradis des femmes," or of anything else feminine, for the women and cows do everything. All the laborious tasks of reaping, mowing, bearing burdens, &c., fall upon them. How the lords of the soil, man and beast, bestow their strength, I cannot conceive or discover. Cows being made to work, is to us, accustomed as we are to consider these animals lawfully entitled to pass their days in honourable idleness, something quite new, and at first it is startling on passing a heavily-loaded cart, to catch the fragrant breath of these hard-working matrons, guided by their equally industrious mistresses. In Belgium I saw the female character under quite a novel point of view, namely, acting scarecrow in a corn-field. It was the first time I ever saw an article of the kind of the feminine gender—and very formidable it looked; the old straw-bonnet perched on one side in a most fierce, virago-like attitude; the ragged shawl fluttering in the wind, the sleeves puffed out, and arms extended in a way menacing enough to

frighten any poor bird. I wonder what would be the effect of putting up a lady-scarecrow in our fields at home. I hope English crows have discernment enough to think they might look for kinder treatment at the hands of the gentler sex, and not be so unchivalrous as to think an old bonnet as terrific as an old hat.

CHAPTER X.

The Lutheran church—A ramble in the forest—"Sir Robert" and his donkey—The headless ladies of Langen-Schwalbach—A mistake.

We were told that the English service was performed at eleven o'clock at the Lutheran church. Accordingly, on our first Sunday at Schwalbach, we set out for the little place of worship, and on reaching it, found almost all the English in the place collected, and waiting on the high steps outside.

The Lutheran service was over, and the people had left the church, but the doors were still shut, as there was a catechism going on within. My heart swelled when I heard this, for I knew this was just the hour when the very same scene was passing some hundred miles off, close to my dear home. The deep

tones of the catechist, and the replies of the children, reached us from time to time through the closed doors. But I scarcely heard them for some moments. I forgot that I was standing outside the Lutheran church of Langen-Schwalbach, and my thoughts carried me far, far away to our own village school-house. Once more I stood among the smiling groups of children assembled there to receive their weekly portion of the bread of life. I heard their innocent voices join in the simple hymn, and then it ceased, and my own little pupils closed round me. They I knew were now in better hands than mine, and I pictured them to myself at this moment gathering round their youthful pastor, (who had taken charge of them for the absent teacher,) their well-known faces uplifted towards his grave, earnest countenance. I longed to be inside the Lutheran church where the same thing was now going forward. Once the door half-opened, but it was shut again. My dear companion understood the wistful look I cast at it as it was closing, and going up the step, he gently pushed the door—we glided in, and seated ourselves on a bench opposite.

The scene inside the church was very interesting, at least so it seemed to me. The place itself was perfectly plain, and without the least attempt at ornament; the small pulpit was hung with black, and before it stood a table covered with a white fringed cloth. On either side were ranged the young people and children, seated in rows, one above the other—the girls on the right hand, the boys on the left.

When we went in, the minister was walking slowly backwards and forwards between these two divisions, delivering an address, which he broke off occasionally, to put a question first to one and then to the other. He was a tall, dignified-looking man, with no distinction as to dress but a band and a black scarf: but he looked the divine—you felt that he stood there an "ambassador for Christ,"—having a high and holy office to fill,—an important message to deliver. I never saw a more benign countenance. There was a mixture of kindness and gravity in its expression that was quite beautiful, and his full, rich, deep-toned voice was impressive beyond description. He spoke deliberately and with

solemnity to the children, as he walked slowly between them, his hands crossed on his back. Their eyes were fastened upon him, and some, in the girl's division, were full of tears.

The questions, in general, were answered promptly; occasionally, when some obvious one was put, a chorus of young voices burst out into a reply, and then the sudden smile that beamed on the benevolent features of the minister, and his animated exclamation, "Recht! ganz recht!" (right, quite right!) showed how deeply he was interested in his young flock. When he had finished the catechism and address, he made a signal to the children to rise, and while they remained standing, he approached the table, and joining his hands over it, pronounced a blessing the most fervent and affectionate I ever heard. After this, he walked down the aisle, and I followed the good man with my eyes, while my heart overflowed with respect and veneration, until the door closed upon him.

The children left the church by another way, passing just opposite where we were sitting.—All traces of the solemn air with which they had listened to their pastor had vanished, and

almost every face in the little party was full of glee and merriment as it passed us. I could not help offering up a silent prayer, that the good seed which had that morning been sown here,—as well as in the distant and beloved spot that was so uppermost in my thoughts,—might take root in all those young hearts. It is interesting to look upon a number of youthful heirs of immortality just launched upon the perilous ocean of life, gay and thoughtless, and little dreaming of the waves and storms that await them on that wild sea.

When the church was cleared, the English congregation poured in. This was the first season there had been English service at Schwalbach,— a clergyman visiting the baths having obtained the use of the Lutheran church, in order to give his compatriots the benefit of hearing "the Lord's song in a strange land," and in their own tongue.

He made a most profitable use of the opportunity he had procured. The subject of his sermon was, Paul and Silas while imprisoned at Philippi, and their feet fast in the stocks, singing their midnight hymn in such loud and joyous strains that the "prisoners heard them." The

preacher combated with zeal and talent, the absurd and prevalent mistake, which connects a religious life with a gloomy one. He brought the experience of the dead and the testimony of the living to prove that there was no earthly happiness or enjoyment which religion did not rather enhance than otherwise, and that persons need but try it, to prove, that not only did it smooth the bed of death, but sweeten the cup of life.

There was one thing peculiarly delightful in the little service at Schwalbach. All the responses were repeated aloud by the congregation, there being of course no clerk. Many a time and oft have I deplored this not being more universally the case in our churches at home. There is something so lifeless, so formal, so chilling, in seeing a whole assembly maintaining a mournful silence,—standing coldly aloof while the minister and clerk are going through the service, as though they were only auditors and lookers on in a scene in which they had no part, and were not privileged to lift up their voices and join in the prayers and praises of the sanctuary. This is evidently quite contrary to the intention of the framers of

our beautiful liturgy. Nothing can be plainer than their directions. We have "a confession to be said of the *whole congregation*," (not the one parish clerk,) "after the minister;" and again, "the people also kneeling and *repeating it with him*;" and stronger still, "the minister, clerks, *and people*, shall say the Lord's prayer *with a loud voice*."

Now what would the writers of these words say, if, instead of the full chorus of supplication and thanksgiving that should burst from the lips of the multitudes assembled to pray and not to *listen*,—they were only to hear the one, poor, solitary, meagre, little voice of the parish clerk, who is paid ten or twenty pounds per annum for reading over the words?

There was so much heart in the way the little Schwalbach congregation shared with their minister in the service of the day, as if they really felt they were addressing the Most High quite as much as he, that as my voice mingled with theirs, I could not help almost wishing there were no such stipendiaries as parish clerks in the world.

July 19.—We have had a long and delight-

ful ramble in the forest. The day was lovely, just such a one on which scenery is enjoyed to the greatest perfection,—when the lights and shadows are changing every instant, and producing a hundred different effects on the same spot. Sometimes the whole valley was lit up by a sudden burst of sunshine, and then again the light faded away, or was transferred to the woods beyond, and "all was changed."

The forests are a delightful feature in the enjoyments of Schwalbach, and the walks cut through them in all directions are so abundant and in such endless variety, that one need never go twice by the same route. These walks are beautifully kept, and there are seats at intervals made of branches of trees, principally beech: the leaves are left on, and when branches, dried leaves and all,—are twisted and interwoven together, they form a much more soft and luxurious cushion than our steel sofa of the Stadt Koblenz.

To assist us in our ascent of the steep zigzag walks, we were accompanied by a donkey and his guide, who were called into requisition occasionally. When we were tired of mounting the hill, we found it a great relief to mount

the *esel* (donkey.) He and his conductor were a very picturesque pair, and the bright colouring of their respective habiliments formed a pretty contrast to the dark foliage of the forest paths through which they were winding. Christiani, the man, was dressed in a blue frock and broad buff belt—he was a funny old fellow with his large earrings and wrinkled face, and nose and chin almost meeting together like a nut-cracker.

Mohr, (Moor,) so called from his dark colour, was sumptuously caparisoned in bright scarlet. His gay saddle was, like those of all his quadruped comrades, ingeniously contrived to be either masculine or feminine as the case required. It was a sort of amphibious construction, for in a moment out went the pommel, away went the back, down went the stirrups, and there it was, fit for any of the beaux of Langen-Schwalbach.

We frequently saw large donkey parties, composed of men as well as ladies,—that is to say, the riders were of both sexes. I never beheld such caricatures as the gentlemen-equestrians. Many of them were certainly much better able to carry the donkey, than the donkey

them: and there was one mustachio'd gigantic young man, sure to be seen in every riding party, who was always obliged to cripple up his knees most carefully when on donkey-back, otherwise his ride would have been somewhat of the same nature with the Irishman's jaunt in a sedan-chair with the bottom out. He might have joined in poor Pat's exclamation when he wiped his face and looked piteously out of the window—"Faix, gentlemen, I'm thinking, only for the honour of the thing, I might just as well be walking."

Mohr understood every word his old master said to him, and always pricked up his long ears particularly at the sound of his own name. "Heut Mohr!—heut Maia!" (the latter seemed a kind of pet name) was encouragingly exclaimed whenever he relaxed his pace, and the appeal proved generally effective.

According to his master's account, Mohr was a wonderful animal, and enjoyed a happy exemption from sundry little common-place infirmities to which donkeys and men are alike subject. For instance, the vulgar, inconvenient sensations of hunger and fatigue, seemed never to interfere with his comforts.

" Mohr is going very slowly this morning—see, he stops every instant."

" Oh, nein ! nein ! (no, no,) he is the quickest esel in the village,—young, strong. Heut ! Morchen,—heut,—heut Maia ! "

" Perhaps he is hungry ? "

" Hungry ! " exclaimed the old man in a tone of astonishment at such an idea once crossing our minds, " after four kreutzers' worth of bread this morning ! Nein, nein ! "

" Well, then, he is tired."

" Tired ! Mohr tired !—mein Herr," (with an incredulous laugh, as if now indeed we were talking of impossibilities,) " Oh nein—he is not tired. Heut Maia ! heut ! " he cried, with renewed energy, accompanying the words this time with a sly blow behind, which we were not intended to see. The accelerated pace was of course to be considered quite a spontaneous effort on the part of poor Morchen, and not at all the result of the gentle hint he had received in the rear.

We found out that our old blue-frocked friend's surname was Peel. W—— asked him whether he had ever heard of a great man in England of that name ? " Perhaps he may be

a relation of yours,—who knows? Sir Robert Peel,—think again."

Poor Christiani put on a very grave, pondering face, and was evidently revolving this important question in his mind. But when he looked up and saw us smiling at the idea of the poor, old, simple-hearted, unsophisticated Nassau donkey-guide, with almost as few ideas in his artless head as his shaggy companion, puzzling himself to find out his relationship with the English statesman, he took the jest at once.

"Ah! so—so—!" he cried, laughing, and shaking his earrings at W——; "come, Maia, heut! heut!" But he was evidently flattered, and when W—— afterwards playfully called him "Sir Robert," his nut-cracker face widened into a very self-satisfied grin.

All this time we were mounting, and winding, and getting deeper and deeper into the "eternal forests." One might indeed almost fancy them "eternal," so unbroken was the stillness,—so peaceful, so complete the solitude of the place. At first the wood was comparatively low, and on either side of the path were rich grassy fragrant banks covered with wild flowers.

Nothing can equal the beauty and variety of these spontaneous children of nature in the forests of Nassau. There is the graceful bind-weed, the foxglove, dear to the lovers of fairy lore; the wild thyme, the bluebell, wild geranium, and thousands of others, bright-coloured and beautiful, which I had never seen before.

As we advanced we came to the more ancient parts of the forest, full of old, stately veteran oaks, and spreading beech. It was delightful here. The soft, subdued sunshine came down through the pillar-like stems of the graceful trees, with a charm that I cannot describe—it added to the repose and stillness of the scene, and shed a sort of calm, dreamy influence over the spirits, that made you feel a longing to linger there,—a regret to leave that tranquil spot, that seemed above the reach of the agitating passions and turmoil of the world. The pure air of those elevated regions contributed doubtless to this effect on the mind; and then the *smell* of the forest—there is something in this so peculiar, so different from anything else. The damp fresh earth; the decayed leaves underneath, and the fragrant living ones

overhead; the moss, and the wild flowers, and the thick-tufted rich grass, that yield their scent and their sweetness when you crush them beneath your feet, and the bark of the old trees;—all these combine to regale a sense that is oftener affronted than gratified: you cannot help pausing every moment to inhale a long, deep, fragrant breath of these forest delights.

Every now and then we emerged into open, sunny glades, where large single trees, the veterans of the forest, stood out alone, or in groups, and here and there the tall silver stem of the birch rose gracefully upwards, a bright contrast to the sober colouring of the oak and beech trunks. These glades were so still and so beautiful, that we expected to see the deer bounding through them, or lying at repose under the trees. In less open spots the effect of the sunshine through the leaves was enchanting. The light fell sometimes in broken patches here and there, and sometimes flickered on the ground with that dancing tremulous motion which on a hot day is so delightful; for it conveys to you as it were the sense of the brilliant rays, together with the

feeling that you are shielded from their power, at one and the same time.

But I fear I am getting unintelligible—a catastrophe that often ensues when one undertakes the doubtful attempt of transferring into other minds the sensations of one's own. Sensations are so much the effect of time, place, circumstance, age, accident, and constitution, that to describe them, much less impart them to another, is almost hopeless; indeed even the same mind is so differently affected at different times, that the impressions of the morning may be scarcely comprehensible to itself at night. How often are we enigmas to ourselves and others!

Besides, it is time to leave the forest, which I find I am as unwilling to quit in description, as we were in reality. Many a longing regretful look we turned towards it as we prepared to descend. Not so poor Mohr. No romantic, foolish ideas of lights and shadows, sounds and scents, disturbed *his* wise head. From the moment it was turned towards the Pauline Brunnen, he trotted on at so brisk a rate, that instead of the "heut! Morchen, heut!" poor "Sir Robert" had something to do to restrain him to a pace that suited his old limbs to keep

up with. We let them go on and settle matters together as they could, while we stopped occasionally at the beechen seats that are placed wherever the view opens.

The prospect, after clearing the forests, and while you are descending the hill, is beautiful. The whole country lies at your feet like a map, and you have the contrasts of hill and valley, village and forest, rural life and fashionable life, all in one picture.

On the left hand is the little valley of the Pauline Brunnen, with the gay water-drinking folks diminished to fairies, promenading up and down, and in and out between the trees; and the spring at the end with its canvass awning like a great mushroom. Even at this distance the music rises from the valley, although it is so far off that you cannot distinguish the performers. This is strange,—but so it is, that at Schwalbach, wherever you go, the music seems to follow you. There is something in the echoes, or in the shape of the ground, that conveys the sound, whether it proceed from the Stahl Brunnen, the Pauline, or any other quarter.

The rural view is on the right, and very

pretty it is. Ripe golden corn, some still waving in the fields, and more being cut down by busy groups of peasant-girls. Some of these are tying it up in bundles, and carrying it off on their heads; others piling it up in carts, to which are yoked patient cows, with their heads fastened together. Besides the corn-fields, there are patches of flax, and clover, and little meadows;—small gardens full of cherry-trees and potatoes, with the French-beans trained picturesquely up rows of crossed sticks; and many other features of pastoral life.

Stretching straight before you is the dear, quiet, village of Schwalbach. There it lies, in all its length, with its numerous Hofs and Gast-houses,—a slight mist resting on the little cluster of high roofs, and the two tall church-towers,—one Lutheran, the other Catholic, standing like sentinels at each end of the single street.

The day after our arrival here we were startled by the apparition of two extraordinary figures advancing towards us up the street. They were females, both very fashionably

dressed, one in white, the other in some showy flowered pattern, with immense stiff gigot sleeves, that stood out like balloons. The ladies, perfectly well formed in other respects, were, horrid to relate, *headless!*

We looked at them with amazement and curiosity. They moved on slowly and steadily like any one else, keeping side by side, but were evidently timid, from the careful manner in which they avoided being jostled by the passers-by. Whenever, too, a carriage or cart approached, they were in a great hurry to get across to the other side of the street; and once, to escape a cloud of dust, raised by a large donkey-party, they both ran behind a large yard-gate for shelter.

We watched anxiously, while nearer and nearer came the mysterious ladies without heads. At length, they were quite close, and now proved to be two well-starched gowns going home to their respective owners at the end of the laundress's fingers.

This is the way all the dresses are returned from the wash at Schwalbach. The Wäscherin, instead of submitting these important *pièces de toilette*, to the indignity of being doubled up

and confined in a basket, convert their fingers into pegs, hang the dresses thereon as large as life, and bear them away,—modestly content to be eclipsed behind their own handy work. You frequently see on some fair promenader at the brunnens, the same identical gown you had met quietly walking home, apparently by itself, the evening before.

At the end of our first week here, one day the door opened in a great hurry, and to our dismay, all our petticoats walked in to us. We were just going to tea, and not at all prepared for such *stiff* visiters.

The laundress, to whose digits they were appended, was a little, sharp, shrewish-looking creature, all bustle and flutter, with piercing black eyes, that were never still an instant,—and blessed with a volubility of tongue quite inconceivable. She broke into the room with a volley of eloquence that overpowered us, followed by two children carrying the minor articles in baskets.

In a moment her keen, restless eyes had been sent into every corner in search of some spot whereon to deposit her burden. We saw the "fell intent," but one might as well have

talked to the Falls of Niagara, as attempt to explain that we did not keep our wardrobe in the salon. She kept chattering on, and peering and fussing about, and we trembled lest the whole contents of the baskets should be overturned into our laps—they indeed seemed the only vacant spots; for one table was occupied with tea-things, and the other with books, papers, &c.

However, in a much shorter time than I have taken to describe it, the baskets were emptied;—sofa, piano, wooden-chairs, and everything were covered, and the poor room looked as if it had been overtaken in a snow-storm, or an avalanche suddenly upset into it. It was some minutes before we could get all the clothes and their loquacious wäscherin cleared away, and we were left to breathe after the noisy and unexpected irruption.

The costume of the peasantry is neither picturesque nor pretty, which is disappointing me, as nothing adds so much to the charm of scenery, as to have the figures in keeping with the landscape in which they appear. Besides, there is always something interesting in a pe-

culiar and national costume. The small round cap, laced boddice, short petticoats, and blue stockings, which we see on the "buy a broom" girls in England, is seldom to be met with, and then only on the old.

The young are generally without caps, and the way they arrange their hair, is beautiful to a degree that is really ridiculous. If an artist or a sculptor had presided at their coiffures, they could not be more regularly Grecian and classical than they are. This is the case with every peasant girl you see, however poor,—the hair Madonna'd in front with beautiful simplicity, and gathered up behind in a large tress of shining braids. It is often quite absurd to see a Grecian head which, for form, might serve as a model to a sculptor, and for neatness and arrangement not disgrace a petite maitresse, rising out of a corn-field; and then to catch a glimpse of the coarse, red face belonging to it—from which slavish toil, and constant exposure to the burning sun, have effaced everything like symmetry.

This attention to the hair seems to pervade every age. I have seen poor children, with clothes the dirtiest and most wretched, whose

hair was carefully divided, and hung down their backs in two long, glossy, shining braids, being tied at the ends with black ribbons.

The women, in general, are not well formed; they have high shoulders and narrow chests,—and if the line of beauty be a curved one, I fear they cannot lay claim to much. A mathematician would certainly find more squares than circles in a Nassau fair one—mais qu'importe!—she can dig, and mow, and carry burdens, and is not that enough? A woman here is for use, not ornament.

July 21.—A few nights since I heard a man's voice under the window singing a few simple notes, which did not strike me as anything particular, and excited no further attention. In an hour afterwards, I was in my room, and after extinguishing the light, had opened the croisée to enjoy the lovely scene outside.

The moon had just risen over the wooded hill, and its "silver sheen" was trembling through the leaves of the tall poplars, and touching, with its soft, gentle light, the projecting points of the Pariser Hof close by,

while the rest lay in deep, black shadow. The dewy, fragrant night-breeze stole up from the garden so gently, I could almost fancy it was afraid to disturb, with its sweet breath, the perfect stillness and tranquillity of everything around. I stood, drinking in the calm delight of the place and hour, feasting my eyes upon the clouds, and the forests, and the moonshine,—and thinking what a thousand pities it was to shut them up for six or eight hours, just now, when they were enjoying themselves so much.

The church-clock struck twelve. The tones sounded peremptory and warning, and seemed to reproach me for standing there en robe de chambre, regaling my senses at the window, instead of putting them and myself to bed, and committing both to "sweet forgetfulness." I prepared—not without regret—to obey the warning, and was taking a last, long look, when again the strain I had before heard struck upon my ear. The voice was deep and sonorous, but uncultivated, and apparently that of a peasant. I looked out and saw a dark figure, relieved by the moonshine, standing right under the window. After singing his short simple couplet, he wheeled round, and walked quickly away.

" Ha ! a serenade," thought I, " perhaps to the fair Zapphina. The lover is very careful of les bienséances, for he allows no time for any opening of casements, or other tender return, but away he goes the moment his strain is ended."

The next night the singer made his appearance again, and the same thing happened;—his clear and somewhat rough tones had hardly died away, before the echoes of his rapid footsteps were heard already far off, as he strode stoutly over the pavement. Something detained me very late that night, and I was surprised, in about an hour, to hear him return,—stand in the very same spot, and sing the very same air, in the very same way.

" Most periodical and methodical this German love," thought I, " and very unreasonable too,—for poor Zapphina and Caterina are doubtless asleep these two hours, after their hard day's work;—it would take something more than a serenade to awake them now."

Another hour flew away—and just as I was passing into the world of dreams, the song rose once more under the window. This was con-

clusive—it could be no lover, and my curiosity was raised to know who or what the man was who thus awoke the slumbering echoes of Schwalbach, with his nocturnal melody.

The result of our inquiries surprised me not a little, and pleased me still more. The singer proved to be,—the watchman of the little town, —and his Nacht-lied, or night song, as it is beautifully called, (which we procured,)—a sort of hymn, each verse adapted to the hour at which it is sung.

There is something delightful in this idea; it is deeply characteristic of the spirit of natural religion which seems to pervade Germany; and the custom is primitive and poetical to the greatest degree. What can be more touching than to hear the guardian of the silent village, as he walks his nightly rounds, thus drawing a simple moral from the fleeting hours; and invoking for the sleeping inhabitants the protection of that God who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

NACHTWACHTERS LIED.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *acht* geschlagen—
Nur *acht* Seelen spruch Gott los,
Als die Sünd-fluth sich ergoss.—
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
Herr! durch deine weise Macht
Gieb uns eine gute Nacht.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *neun* geschlagen—
Neun versaümten Dank und Pflicht
Mensch, vergiss den Wohlthat nicht.
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *zehn* geschlagen—
Zehn Gebot schärft Gott uns ein
Gieb das wir gehorsam seyn.
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *elf* geschlagen—
Elf Apostel bleiben treu

Gieb das hier kein Abfall sey.
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *Zwölf* geschlagen—
Zwolf das ist das Ziel der Zeit
Mensch denk an die Ewigkeit.
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *ein* geschlagen—
Ein Gott ist nur in der Welt,
Dem sey Alles heimgestellt.
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *zwei* geschlagen—
Zwei weg hat der Mensch vor sich,
Herr den rechten lehre mich.
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *Drei* geschlagen—
Drei ist eins und Gottlich heist,
Vater, Sohn, und Heil 'ger Geist.
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *Vien* geschlagen—
*Vier*fach ist das Akerfeld
Mensch wie ist dein Herz bestellt.
Auf!—ermuntert euren Sinnen
Denn, ist es nicht die Nacht vonhinnen.
Danket Gott, der diese Nacht
Hat so väterlich gewacht!

At the risk of marring the sweet simplicity of the German, and giving a very unfavourable idea of the Watchman's song, I have put it into the following rude rhymes for the benefit of those who do not read the original.

THE WATCHMAN'S SONG.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock,
The hour of *eight*, good sirs, has struck.
Eight souls alone from death were kept,
When God the earth with deluge swept.

Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *nine*, good sirs, has struck.
Nine lepers cleansed returned not,
Be not thy blessings, man, forgot.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! &c.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *ten*, good sirs, has struck.
Ten precepts show God's holy will,
Oh! may we prove obedient still.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! &c.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour *eleven*, good sirs, has struck.
Eleven apostles remained true,
May we be like that faithful few!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! &c.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *twelve*, good sirs, has struck

Twelve is of time the boundary—
Man!—think upon eternity.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! &c.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *one*, good sirs, has struck.
One God alone reigns over all;
Nought can without his will befal.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! &c.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *two*, good sirs, has struck.
Two ways has man to walk in given,
Teach me the right,—the path to Heav'n.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! &c.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *three*, good sirs, has struck.
Three Gods in One—exalted most
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! &c.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *four*, good sirs, has struck.

Four seasons crown the farmer's care,
Thy heart with equal toil prepare—
Up—up—awake! * nor slumber on,
The morn approaches, night is gone!
Thank God, who by his power and might
Has watched and kept us through this night!

* At *four o'clock!*—how very German!

CHAPTER XI.

A Dutch gentleman—Arrival of A—— Dinner at Schwalbach—Kellners.

July 23*rd.*—To-day we dined at the "Poste," and I was very fortunate in a neighbour. About "pudding time," the centre of a German dinner, two travellers, apparently a father and son, came in. The old gentleman, a very intelligent, prepossessing-looking person, seated himself by me. He asked me several questions about Schwalbach, where he said he had but just arrived, and added that he was Dutch. He seemed exceedingly patriotic, and I took advantage of his willingness to talk of his own country, to obtain a very interesting account of its manners, customs, literature, &c. The great care and attention paid to the education of

men, and women too! seemed, from his account, to outdo even England. As soon as ever they are able to speak, advantage is taken of the dawning vocal faculties to exercise them upon French, English, and German, as well as their mother tongue. This diversion of the gift of speech into so many channels must produce a Babel, which my old friend confessed often ended in their knowing no language well. He himself spoke French admirably—also German: he said his English was as fluent as either, but I could not prevail on him to give me a sample. "O no," he said, "that I dare not—you English have so little mercy—you are *si difficile*." I fear we have a very sad character, but a very deserved one, in this respect.

The old Dutch gentleman had read many English works, and was quite conversant with the literature of the day. Of Bulwer he spoke in those enthusiastic terms of admiration, without which his name is never mentioned here;—he is decidedly the favourite of all our authors on the continent. While we kept to books all went on very well; but soon my friend rambled off to politics, and then he became all on fire.

He must have been grievously disappointed to find me so slender a politician, though I set out by telling him it was "part of my system," as Dr. O'Toole says, that politics and petticoats are as well asunder: that as every man was by nature and inclination a law-maker, every woman—(especially young ones)—whose taste does not lead her that way, may leave the affairs of the nation to the wiser heads of the land. Still he persisted in dragging me out of my depth, so that I had to cry out for mercy more times than one.

"What!" he exclaimed in answer to some observation, "and is it possible you have seen O'Connell!" and the old gentleman laid down his knife and fork, and gazed up earnestly into my eyes, as though (Heaven forbid!) the object they had rested on were still visibly reflected there. O'Connell, be it known, ranks next to Bulwer in interest in this country.

"Well! I *should* like to see him," he added, "though, Protestant and Conservative as I am, I think him incalculably mischievous."

We next got upon authors and clever people in general.

"The former," he said, "I should never like

to meet except in their books. Talented persons must of necessity be egotists. Concessions must be granted them, and certain allowances made: in fact, it is a sacrificé we owe to genius, and which it expects."

Now, here I was forced to differ from my old friend, though I believe his opinion is a very usual one. That clever persons should be conceited and egotistical, because they *are* clever, appears quite contrary to the nature of things. In the first place, the very circumstance of their being so, argues superiority of intellect, and more extensive views of things in general than others possess. They stand on higher ground, and from thence they see the wide field of knowledge spread out before them: they see how much, how very much there is to be learned, and how trifling in comparison are their own attainments. It is only a little learning that is a dangerous thing.

In the next place, a far more important cause for humility presents itself. Any one who has ever seriously put to himself this question, "Who made thee to differ from another, and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" will find in the answer a powerful silencer of

all vain-gloryings. With the knowledge that "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from God," there rises up the awful conviction, that each must be accounted for to him. Talents, whether of the mind or the purse, viewed in this light, are, indeed, no subjects of vanity; they become sources of anxious responsibility—often of deep self-reproach to their possessors. The thought that to whom much is given, from him will much be required, if present as often as it ought, would annihilate boasting of every sort.

Alas! how great are the short-comings of us all! when we reflect that health, wealth, time, talents,—every faculty of mind and body,—are so many gifts which are not to be laid up in a napkin.

Monday.—Yesterday, after service, Mr. S——, who was going to take a walk in the forest with his children, proposed, as a remedy for a very bad head-ache, that I should accompany them. I accordingly did so, and soon we were climbing up the winding zig-zag paths, Jet, their little black and white spaniel, bounding on before, chasing the butterflies; and the

children, scarcely less active and playful than their fairy companion, skipping about or gathering wild flowers and berries. We made a long circuit, and returned home by the Ems road. When we reached the foot of the hill that slopes down immediately behind the Stadt Koblenz, I was surprised, on turning the corner, to hear sounds of lively conversation and an occasional laugh issuing from the open windows of our salon. This astonished me the more, as I had left G—— and W—— very gravely engrossed with their books, and I knew Sunday was not a visiting day. I looked up, and just caught a glimpse of the collar of a coat, and a small gracefully-shaped head. The head was half turned away, so that I could not see the features; all that appeared was the corner of a forehead, and the division at the side parting two glossy waves of dark chesnut hair. Had I been phrenologically disposed, this would have been an excellent opportunity, but curiosity at the moment predominated. I broke in upon their animated conversation, and found G—— and W—— enjoying the delightful surprise of the arrival of their old friend, A——. His coming is completely unexpected, and quite

a little era in the "even tenor" of our Schwalbach life.

July 27th.—Dinner here is one of the most characteristic, and, to an English visiter, newest features in the place. The sallying forth of the whole population from their abodes at the constitutional hour of one, to congregate together and dine in parties of two or three hundred at a table d'hôte, is indeed very unlike anything we are accustomed to at home, and the novelty is very amusing.

I looked forward with great delight to our first dinner at the Allee Saal; and as I had not then learned to be hungry at one o'clock, prepared to make active use of my eyes and observe everything that was going on. Sitting down to a German table d'hôte without an appetite, is not so great an evil as a similar failure elsewhere. The time is very long, it is true, but not tedious, even though you should not be fortunate in an agreeable neighbour; (in the latter case, of course, time is forgotten; as when thus pleasantly beguiled it flies but too fast.) Where there are so many people and so many dishes, the eyes have ample

amusement, and the ears are regaled with the charming music that plays the whole time of dinner.

I expected to see the Germans eat an immoderate quantity, but observed this was not the case. At the first glance they might appear to do so, for they helped themselves to everything that went round, and their plates were changed every two minutes. But these "helps" where ridiculously small, such as half a chicken's leg, a single slice of tongue, &c. Indeed, the host of the Allee Saal seemed resolved that his guests should not transgress in this way, and on the strength of his hotel being the acknowledged most fashionable dining-place at Schwalbach, often took the liberty of providing very scantily. He seemed to have adopted as his motto the German proverb, "Alle gute dinge sind drei," ("all good things are three,") for he seldom exceeded that number of the same article on each dish; three fairy cutlets,—three slices of ham that looked as if they had been carved for Queen Mab, and so on.

Occasionally a buz of discontent at this short commons would run along the lines,

among the English part of the company; not that there was not enough, but the character for profusion which German dinners deservedly enjoy, makes people unreasonable in their expectations. One day I translated this buz to a German who sat next me, and who had inquired what they were speaking about. "Ha, is that possible!" he exclaimed, "your countrymen complaining of not having enough to eat—why I thought they accused us of being the most voracious people in Europe?"

This was very true, and what could I say to defend my "countrymen?" I could only feel sorry that my neighbour's feelings had been wounded, and for myself resolve to think well, how it might hurt others, before I ever give expression to any ill-natured opinion.

The German kellners (waiters) are quite a peculiar race. Their office is a most arduous one, from the ceaseless activity it requires, and the national out-of-door chair-and-table system. They are of necessity always young, and are by far the most dapper, spruce, smart, well-dressed youths one sees.

If I were asked to translate the word kellner, I should certainly render it "a biped for carry-

ing plates;" for their talents in this respect are quite marvellous. Trays are unknown, therefore the endless train of dishes and plates that compose a German dinner, are brought from the kitchen in the hands or rather on the arms of the kellners.

How one left arm can be made to accommodate such a number I cannot conceive. We have frequently reckoned as many as seven, full of soup, ragouts, &c., perched on it, the right being actively employed in handing to the oberkellner, (head-waiter,) who alone has the privilege of putting them on the table.

The rapidity with which the latter functionary discharged this office at the Allee Saal was quite extraordinary. I have often watched his progress down the table as he advanced attended by a host of kellners, their arms garnished with smoking dishes. As soon as one had been relieved of his cargo, away he flew to the kitchen to fetch a fresh supply, while the indefatigable "ober-kellner" continued to fling down the dishes, stretching over the table with an effort that made one arm fly up in the air while its fellow was extended to its utmost with the dish, and sent the corresponding leg

to as near a level with its owner's head as ever Taglioni's was.

How the contents of the dishes spun down thus one after another, like a deal at cards, escaped overflowing, I could not conceive, until closer observation showed me the sort of swing with which each was deposited on the table, causing the gravy, &c., to make a circular evolution within the dish without over-passing its edge.

Owing to this extraordinary alertness of the active ober-kellner, the long tables at the Allee Saal were replenished and cleared in a very short space of time; and not many minutes after the bevy of young kellners made their appearance with each course, the two or three hundred hungry expectants who had hailed its entrée, were busily engaged in eating it.

The S—— family, who are our neighbours at the "Beiden Indien," and whose stay at Schwalbach, contributes so much to our enjoyment here, used to dine as well as ourselves at the Allee Saal. Mr. S——, however, when the complaints of starvation became general, proposed deserting to the Goldene Kette, the smiling host whereof is a protegé of his. He led the

way, and a large body followed in his train, —ourselves among the number,—who have continued to dine almost ever since then at the Goldene Kette.

The profusion of dinner there is really absurd. The first day we went to it, turning a deaf ear to the sounding bell of the Allee Saal, we thought it would never end.

First, as usual, was the soup,—then the invariable boiled beef with its accompaniments of pickled cucumber, onions, or sour krout. Tough, and tasteless enough this is, it must be confessed, but no one need eat it who does not choose, for that must be a wondrous appetite that will hold out as long as the supplies that minister to its wants. After the beef is a course of cutlets, sliced ham, (raw!) omelettes, and vegetables. Then come partridges, chickens, sausages, ducks; these are replaced by fish of all sorts,—some so be-sauced and be-decked with garnishes, that they are hardly recognizable as belonging to the finny tribe,—and pyramidical dishes of cray-fish.

The puddings come next, and certainly the ne plus ultra of puddings are the German ones, always including in the praise that belongs to

them the smoking boats of fruit and wine sauce with which they are flanked. Mr. S—— always takes care to secure a second pudding for our end of the table, in the disposal of which we very meritoriously contribute our exertions.

A novice would now reasonably conclude that his labours were ended. No such thing—the pudding is a kind of æra whence fresh courses take their date. The sauce-boats are no sooner cleared away than an array of a more formidable kind than has yet appeared, presents itself to view. Roast joints, reh, (a forest delicacy of the deer tribe, in great estimation at the tables d'hôte,) geese, turkeys, hares, &c. &c., with smaller dishes containing preserved pears, plums, or cherries, (always eaten with roast-meat in Germany,) and sallads. The sallads and "compôtes" are stationary, while their unwieldy companions are borne off wholesale to the side-table, to be returned retail to the guests. This substantial course is followed by sweets,—cherry tarts, the fruit blushing like coy beauties through their grating of crossed bars,—enormous cakes, all spices and vanille,

with a snowy summit of powdered sugar,—custards, creams, &c. &c.

The dessert and bon-bons close the proceedings, but the former is not patronized by the water-drinkers; and when plums and pears make their appearance, a general movement and scraping of chairs against the floor takes place among these. Now is the time to know who are frequenters of the Brunnens and who are not, by the result of this first break up.

The cost of this abundant dinner is forty-eight kreutzers (about one shilling and four-pence halfpenny) per head,—exclusive of wine; and English, French, Poles, and Russians, appear to us to do it fully as much justice as the proverbially voracious Germans.

Speaking of eatables, I cannot pass over the bread, first, because it is the staff of life everywhere, and next, because it is really perfect here. There are, however, two kinds, one of which is black, sour, and uneatable, but the "milch-brod" for whiteness and delicacy of flavour is unrivalled.

A baker's window is quite a picturesque object. The shape, and colour, and glazing of

the milch-brod, some round, some oval, some twisted into crescents, and true-lover knots, and suspended on a kind of iron cross over the stall, has a very pretty effect in the village street.

One word of advice before leaving the table d'hôte. Never send away your knife and fork. Your plate will be changed every two minutes;, indeed by the time dinner is over, the number you have had will be almost past counting, but never be betrayed into allowing knife or fork to accompany them. It is better to keep and clean your own in your napkin, than to send them away and get those of some one else that the kellner has just run through (not wiped in) his soiled cloth.

Apropos to forks, you may always know, in looking down the tables, who are English and who are not, by a glance at these little utensils. Foreigners hold them not as we do, but in the way we handle the spoon in taking soup. The knife, however, has by far the most busy time of it, having double duty to do, while its companion reposes in idle inactivity. It is allowed free admission into the mouth at discretion; nay, I once witnessed the delicate operation of one being drawn across between the rosy

lips of a pretty girl, to remove any gravy adhering to it, in order doubtless that the salt or vinegar of the ragout might not mar the flavour of the pudding-sauce.

There is some old proverb about "picking your teeth with a fork." A gentleman once told me, he had seen this office performed by a *knife* at a table d'hôte, the operator modestly keeping his hand before his mouth while the process was going on. However I do not believe all I hear; some stories are more witty than true.

After dinner the English return to their hofs, or else betake themselves to the promenades or a ramble in the forest. The Germans sip their coffee under the trees of the Allee Saal. The little groups they form round the tables are very pretty—the ladies with their knitting and worsted work, the gentlemen with their—pshaw!—one cannot write ten words about Germany without stumbling on a tiresome cigar!

One is apt to think reading, and working, and drawing in the open air, under trees, and in shady bowers, wonderfully romantic and delightful; I tried it last summer, and found

it was like what we may suppose "love in a cottage" to be,—better in romance than reality. It *sounds* very well, but when a dazzling sun-ray comes down through the trees full in your eyes,—when the wind suddenly blows about your work, or sets every leaf in your book flapping and fluttering at once,—when myriads of gnats and summer-flies keep buzzing, and stinging, and humming about you until you are in a perfect fever,—or else, when you find some half-dozen of these luckless little creatures, sticking and sprawling in the fresh oil-paint you had just laid on your picture, intending it for clouds, and not fly-traps; then you begin to think that the four walls of a room, though far less poetical, are infinitely more comfortable and adapted to your pursuits, than the "sylvan shade."

The universal practice of knitting is not, it seems, confined to the fair sex in Germany. I have been told that farther north, and in the electorate of Hesse, the men, during the long winter evenings, turn their spades into knitting-needles, and ply them over the cottage fire, while the women spin. "This shocks your English prejudices, does it not?" said my in-

formant, "but is it not much better than spending the dusk hours in the beer-house?" After all, prejudice apart, why may not a man make stockings as well as shoes?

All the linen used in this house is made by the hands of the fair Zapphina, who, like Lucretia of old, presides, while Caterina and the other maidens "handle the distaff." There is a long array of spinning-wheels in an empty room at the top of the house, and I never pass them by in going up and down stairs without thinking of the pleasant, busy scene that goes on in the little kitchen, when the long winter evening has closed in, —after the gay summer visiters have deserted Langen-Schwalbach, and left its quiet inhabitants to their simple, primitive occupations.

CHAPTER XII.

Ruins of Adolphsec—Adolph and Imogene—Shops—English neighbour at dinner—A word on female inferiority.

At about an hour's drive from Schwalbach, are the ruins of Adolphsec, and the little village of the same name. Every one goes to see them,—and so, one lovely day after dinner, we got into a rough, jolting German carriage, drawn by a pair of sagacious German horses, and driven by a good-natured German kutscher —to follow the universal example.

There is nothing very particular in the drive, —as to scenery, the road is bordered with cherry-trees, as usual,—and the prospect consists of alternate forest and arable land.

We could not help noticing the poverty of

the crops, which struck us forcibly, after the rich, abundant harvests of Belgium. The corn, "few and far between," looked in comparison, like the thin, spare locks, encore bien conservés, and "tirant sur le grison" of an old beau's head. Certainly no young one,—not even Absalom himself, could boast a more abundant chevelure,—a more thickly covered cranium than—(to carry on my simile) the Belgian fields.

The little village charmed us, from the first glimpse, by its picturesque situation and appearance. It lies high, over the winding river Aarde, and the colouring of the houses on the edge of the steep, and the little church beyond, is beautiful. We rambled over the village, exclaiming at every step, with admiration at the succession of "*bits*," animate and inanimate, that would have rejoiced the eyes of a Prout or a Wilkie.

The ground was so uneven that the roof of one house often touched the threshold of another. And then the cottages themselves!—they were built of roughly-hewn logs, fastened together by large wooden pegs, and the interstices filled with mud. Some were plastered over,

and painted with the brightest colours; others had grotesque figures upon the walls. At every turn *a picture* met our eyes; and it was really puzzling, in such an "embarras de richesse" to choose out of the many a subject for a sketch. G——, however, fixed on one at last; and while she was employed with her pencil, I sat beside her, delighted with observing the picturesque groups of people about, and the interesting little scenes of village life going on in the narrow street.

Here two pretty peasant girls were outside a cottage-door, one seated on the step knitting, the other washing a tub-full of clothes. Now a primitive-looking old man, in a broad-brimmed hat, with his pipe in his mouth, would pass up the street,—then a woman, leading two cows yoked together,—and none of these simple-hearted villagers passed us without stopping and giving us, with a nod and a good-natured smile, their courteous "guten abend," (good evening.) Just before us a group of lovely children were sitting on some logs of wood, peeping at the strangers with childish curiosity, and laughing with roguish glee whenever we noticed them.

There was altogether an air of rustic simplicity, a primitive, unsophisticated something about the place and its inhabitants that was delightful; and the fresh, country smell of the newly-hewn wood, and fragrant breath of cows, was in perfect keeping with the rest.

On one of the old houses in the village, we discovered an inscription, written in rude characters, but the touching and beautiful moral of which must come home to every heart.

"Wir bauen hoch und feste,
Und sind doch fremde gaste—
"Und wo wir ewig sollen seyn,
Da bauen wir gar wenig ein."

The following is almost a verbal translation.

"We build us houses high and strong,
Where—stranger guests!—we dwell not long,
But where for ever we shall be,
There,—thoughtless souls!—*there* build not we!"

The ruins of Adolphsec are ruins indeed—you require to be told that a lordly castle once stood there, for you would hardly gather that so it had been from the fragments of dilapidated wall now standing.

The story connected with these ruins is very interesting, and possesses the rare merit of being *true:*—this is no trifling recommendation in a country where the curiosity of the lover of traditions is balked at every step by absurd stories of dragons, enchanted castles, roads cut through rocks and mountains in a night,—beautiful princesses carried off on flying steeds, &c. &c.

The Emperor Adolph, of Germany, was wounded in battle, and taken to the convent of Lindenthal, many miles from the castle which bears his name. Here his wounds were dressed, and the beautiful Imogene, fairest of the sisterhood, was appointed to watch over his convalescence.

But in their anxiety to show their allegiance to their sovereign by thus choosing for his handmaiden the flower of the convent, the nuns had acted unwisely. While her skilful fingers were employed in healing the emperor's wounds, the bright eyes of Imogene inflicted others more deadly; and soon, alas! a fever of a new kind succeeded that brought on by pain and the loss of blood.

Imogene was as modest as she was fair, and

for a long time Adolph concealed the sentiments with which she had inspired him, dreading to wound the sensitive delicacy of one, in whose ears the accents of love would sound a crime. At last, however, on one occasion, when the other attendants were absent, the emperor's prudence forsook him. He declared his passion in the most eloquent terms, and ended by imploring the lovely nun to fly with him from the convent.

Poor Imogene was thunderstruck! For some moments her confusion and dismay at the new and unexpected language of Adolph overcame her completely. While she stood struggling with her agitation, suspense began to change into hope in the bosom of the emperor; he almost imagined, from the effect his words had produced, that his love was not only permitted but returned. But he was soon undeceived,—the nun recovered herself, and faltering forth her regret and astonishment that her sovereign should have so far forgotten what was due to her habit and vocation, she bade him farewell.

The emperor implored her to remain; he reproached himself bitterly for what he had

alone, and vowed that no word unsuited to her maiden ears, and sacred profession, should ever again pass his lips.

"No," said Imogene, "this chamber is no longer the place for me. I would have watched my sovereign as long as my poor services were of any avail—no fatigue or weariness should have forced me to resign so proud a post to any in the convent—but now—— Farewell, Adolph!—there are others within these walls as skilful, as tender, as Imogene—her you may not, must not, ever see again."

So saying, the nun quitted the apartment, and another, less young and less fair, came to fill her place beside the emperor's couch.

Days and weeks passed on. Adolph's wounds were healed, but still he lingered in the convent. He could not bear to tear himself from under the roof that contained his beautiful Imogene. She was dearer to him than ever, now that he had discovered that her virtue and her modesty were as great as her person was fair. Every day he hoped that he should succeed by some means in obtaining a glimpse of her; and though every day he was disappointed, still he hoped on.

At length, his conscience began to reproach him for giving way to this weakness. One night he lay revolving in his mind his projects for the future, and endeavoured to summon up courage to take some decisive step. He cursed the imprudent folly that had driven far from him the object of his unhappy passion, and bitter regrets at the thought of never again seeing Imogene kept him sleepless. The convent clock had just struck midnight, when the door of his chamber noiselessly opened, and—could he believe his senses?—Imogene, like a beautiful vision of sleep, appeared before him.

She advanced steadily up the room, until she reached the emperor; but then her courage wholly forsook her. The interesting girl had evidently summoned up all her strength, and overcome all her scruples, for some desperate effort; but now it had vanished, and she stood beside the couch of Adolph, trembling and speechless, her eyes fastened on the ground, her lips quivering.

"And hast thou indeed relented, beautiful Imogene?" exclaimed the emperor; "and art thou come once more to bless these eyes, that have pined for thee so many long, long days

and weary nights? Nay, tremble not thus;—what hast thou to fear, and why this excessive agitation?" he added, seeing that Imogene was still overwhelmed with shame.

She was indeed shocked and alarmed at the situation in which she had placed herself; and the feeling of having thus, alone and at midnight, sought the chamber of a man who she knew loved her, made her almost sink with confusion. Her face was deadly pale, and the folds of her black habit rose and fell beneath the crossed hands which she pressed over her bosom, as though to keep down by physical force the agitation that swelled it so violently.

"Alas! alas!" she said, struggling with her emotion, but still without daring to raise her eyes towards Adolph, "what can you—what must you think of me! But come," she added, with a strong effort, "this is no time to give way to womanly feelings. Emperor, your life is in danger—you must fly from this convent,—to remain another day is death! Charles of Burgundy has discovered the place of your retreat; even now this deadly enemy is plotting an attack upon you. But there is

yet time—you must not delay an hour,—to-morrow it will be too late."

"And how, gentle Imogene,—how hast thou obtained this important information?"

"Ha!" whispered the nun, starting—and looking hurriedly round the room, she drew closer to Adolph,—"that is a secret none but yourself may know. The confessor of our convent is he, before whom Charles of Burgundy kneels at the confessional,—and—and, hush! did you not hear some one move? O it is a dreadful deed, to reveal aught that is told beneath the seal of confession—he that did it—and I, his accomplice, if it were known, —if it were but breathed, we should both be lost! As it is, a life of penance will hardly wash away the sin. It was long before I could persuade the venerable man to reveal the danger that, as I gathered from his incoherent mutterings, threatened your life—still longer before I could win his consent to my declaring it to you; for he is old and timid, and he trembled at the consequences, should we be found out. But he loves me, like a father,—and my prayers and my tears prevailed. He

told me," she added, looking down, while a crimson flush mounted even to the white fillet across her brow, "he told me, I must conquer my fears, my scruples, and come alone, at midnight, and appear thus bold and unmaidenly in your eyes by——"

Here poor Imogene's voice faltered—her over-strung nerves relaxed, and she burst into a passion of tears.

Adolph gazed upon her with ardent affection. He took her hand, and said, in a softened and agitated tone, while his eyes beamed with tenderness and admiration,

"Beautiful, noble Imogene, and hast thou exposed thy life and done violence to thy sensitive nature for me! Can I be so happy as to have awakened in thy gentle bosom an interest——"

"A sovereign," said the nun, withdrawing her hand, and recovering her firmness, "has a right to the life and services of his devoted subjects. It would ill become any to withhold either when the welfare of Germany and its emperor were at stake. But the night advances,—all are now asleep in the convent,—and it is the time for exertion, not delay. You

know the way to the chapel,—I will wait for you there in the southern aisle. The venerable confessor has given me the key of a secret door, leading out of the convent-garden, and he has shown me the path through the forest, by which you may escape—I will be your guide—adieu!"

In a few moments, Adolph had finished his preparations, and traversing the corridors that led to the chapel, found Imogene in the spot she had pointed out. She beckoned to him to follow, and led the way out of the precincts of the convent. In silence they gained the forest, and the emperor saw with admiration and wonder this young and timid girl plunge fearlessly into the dark and intricate windings which she had trod but once before in her life, and that under the guidance of the confessor.

On—on she went, deeper and deeper in the forest, nor did she appear for a moment to hesitate, or allow herself to glance at the lonely length of way she would have to retrace in returning to the convent. That prospect might have caused even the stout heart of a man to fail him, at an hour when superstition has peopled with midnight horrors the gloomy forests of Germany.

At length, Imogene stopped. "Adolph," she said, "the path is now visible—you have but to follow it. We part here!"

"Never!" exclaimed the emperor. "Imogene, you return not alone to your convent."

"Ha!" shrieked the nun, turning pale with fear, "and is it indeed come to this? Yes—too late I perceive my imprudence. But, Adolph,—emperor!" she continued, clasping her hands, and sinking on her knees before him, "do not take so ungenerous an advantage of me,—O do not punish me for putting myself into your power, by detaining me thus against my will."

"Think not so hardly of me, sweet Imogene," said Adolph, raising her from the ground; "I would not for worlds constrain thy slightest wish,—or even ask thee to do aught that might displease thee; but thinkest thou I can suffer thee to brook alone the dangers of the forest?—or dost thou imagine life without thee has any charms for Adolph?—No—thou mayest return this instant to thy convent, and I will follow in silence, and guard thy steps. Let Charles of Burgundy attack me then at his pleasure,—he will find I shall

sell my life dear. Lady, you have heard my determination—my fate is now in your hands —decide!"

This was a fearful moment for Imogene; if she persisted in returning to the convent, Adolph would inevitably perish; and if not,—here was the dilemma. Perhaps at this instant the dangers she had incurred in revealing the secrets of the confessional, and the long and fearful penances that would ensue, might have flashed across her mind. Perhaps the very risks she had encountered for his sake might have awakened a new and endearing interest in the emperor's favour; perhaps the sense of what was due to her sovereign and her country might influence her;—or perhaps from the very beginning, and all through, it was only the voice of duty and of maiden shame that had silenced *other* feelings, whose whisperings now, in the stillness of the forest, and surrounded as she was by perils and perplexities, urged her to listen to the dictates of her heart.

However this was, tradition does not record. The struggle ended by the beautiful Imogene giving her hand to Adolph, and blushing her

consent to fly with him. She unfastened her desecrated veil, and the emperor throwing his cloak round her to conceal her nun's habit, they crossed the Rhine together. The first spot where they paused and found a refuge, was at Adolphsec, and in gratitude for the shelter it had afforded, the emperor built the castle.

Here Imogene lived, and was frequently visited by Adolph. When he was slain at the battle of Rosenthal, Imogene retired to the convent of that name, but she did not long survive her imperial lover. It is said they were interred in the same church, but this fact has never been well authenticated.

If Sir Francis Head were now to visit Schwalbach, he would not have to complain of the paucity of shops, for there is an abundance of them in all directions.

There are arcades near the Wein and the Stahl Brunnens, where you can buy things of all sorts and kinds. Shoe-stalls with gay-coloured slippers, and embroidered shoes, beautifully worked in gold and silver, from Bohemia. Toy-stalls, in which every article is at

six kreutzers à choisir. Book-stalls, covered with, first and most prominent, "BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNENS OF NASSAU,"—then, Panoramas of the Rhine, and Legends of the Rhine, and Bulwer's Pilgrims, and views of all the "Bads" from Schwalbach to Baden, besides German dictionaries and grammars, and "aids," and vocabularies, and travellers' guides, and manuals, and maps, and various and sundry other publications, all savouring more or less of travelling and strangers. Then there are china-stalls, where you can have cups and saucers, and glasses,—pink, blue, red, and yellow, for drinking the waters in. Smelling-bottles, with views of the Pauline Brunnen and the Badhans upon them, &c. &c.

One stall is devoted entirely to pipes; and the devices on these are as various as the tastes of the numerous smokers. Some are adorned with fine landscapes, others have the likenesses of famous generals, doomed to descend from the smoke of the cannon to that of vulgar tobacco. Here is one with a beautiful lady upon it, exciting your compassion for the luckless fair one whose charms are destined to exist in

a perpetual atmosphere of smoke. Kings, queens, emperors, and princesses — none are spared; and even Dr. Fenner's head, with his one eye and a black ribbon over the other, has not escaped the destiny of flourishing on a tobacco-pipe. Had Sir Francis been fortunate enough to have had but one eye, he certainly would have shared the same fate. Even as it is, I often wonder they have not painted something in "human guise," called it the author of the "Bubbles," and stuck it on a pipe. There could be no better speculation.

Dr. Fenner's one eye is a striking proof how tact and talent will know how to "tirer parti," even of an infirmity, and turn it to an excellent account. The black ribbon across the little doctor's face is to him what Abernethy's bluffness, and St. John Long's rubbing, were to them. With his two optics he would have been nothing. After all, there is nothing like a distinction, no matter what it is:—only have something different from everybody else, and be it a beauty or deformity, an agreeable or disagreeable quality, you will be sure to succeed.

To return to the shops. I have been often amused by observing the different way shopping goes on here and with us. Here a customer approaches, and begins looking over the things on the counter. The shopman, or girl, occupied, perhaps, in some further corner, darts forward; but a glance at the visiter checks the eager advance. The buyer is *English*, and the probabilities are that he does not understand German. This at least is generally taken for granted by the shop-owner; and it is curious to see him retreat quietly to his corner, and there watch patiently and in silence the result of his customer's investigation of the goods. One can hardly imagine him to belong to the same class from whose officious persecutions shop-frequenters are doomed to suffer at home; that tiresome tribe, who descant on a shade of silk or puff off a yard of ribbon until your head aches; who insist on persuading you that bad is good, and white black, against the evidence of your eyes and your judgment, with such persevering pertinacity, that at last the luckless purchaser is so bewildered, he hardly knows right from wrong. At Schwalbach, if you do not like a thing, instead of entering into super-

fluous apologies and explanations, you have only to look significantly at the shopkeeper, then at the article,—shake your head, and walk off.

The pecuniary part of the transaction is generally left, as a matter of necessity, to the honesty of the dealer. John Bull grumbles woefully at the intricacies of German coin, which is certainly puzzling enough, as it changes in general in the different petty states. Between guldens and kreutzers, dollars and florins, silver groschen, and good groschen, hellers and pfennigs, the poor traveller gets into such a labyrinth that he is often obliged to give it up in despair.

How amusing it is sometimes to see the air of hopeless resignation with which an Englishman abandons his purse to the marchand, sitting patiently by while the latter turns out its contents and helps himself,—and eyeing him all the time, as much as to say, "Now I am sure you are cheating me."

Sometimes a purchaser, more erudite than the rest, and who has studied the subject, endeavours himself to make up the amount of the shopman's demand. After due deliberation

and calculation, he succeeds in selecting out of a score of odd-looking little pieces of all colours and sizes, the required sum. But when he has presented it to the man with no little complacency, perhaps half the coins are returned with "Das ist Hessisch," (that is Hessian); "Das ist Preusisch," (that is Prussian.) These pieces, very good in their proper place, are worth nothing here, where all must be "Nassauisch."

August 1.—A rainy, gloomy, cheerless looking day. At the table d'hôte I sat near a very agreeable Englishman, who was detained at Schwalbach very much against his will by a sick wife. He had arrived the day before, intending only to change horses; but the sudden alteration of climate, the cold of this mountainous region, had disagreed with the lady. They were pressing on in all haste to Italy, and this delay seemed to chafe the gentleman very much. He suffered from the solitude in a crowd so well described in the second canto of Childe Harold, and was unable to enjoy the reverse of the picture in the previous stanza—

" To sit on rocks—to muse o'er flood and fell—
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene ;"

of which the poet declares—

" This is *not* solitude ;—'tis but to hold,
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled :"

for he did not like to indulge himself in any very prolonged ramble in the forests here, owing to his wife's being ill and lonely at the hotel.

He was a very superior person. We happened to strike into an interesting train of conversation, and I soon found him to be one of those people so very, very rarely to be met with, who catch up your meaning, and enter into your opinions and feelings upon a subject almost before you have expressed them. There are few of these,—I mean who can *understand* the sentiments of others, even though they do not exactly coincide with their own.

He wanted to persuade me that women were equal to men as to intellect, and brought a hundred reasons and sundry examples to prove it. I do not know whether he was serious or not.

I never give men credit for being so when they say this; but imagine it is merely to flatter, although they defend their opinion zealously, and appear in earnest. Compliments and flattery are such common coin, and so well received in general, that they are dealt without any consideration for the pain they inflict upon sensitive minds, or those whose vanity is not sufficient to give them currency. A sense of deficiency,—a consciousness of not deserving it,—often converts what is meant as a compliment into the bitterest reproach. Many a time I have writhed under one, and tried to simper and look pleased, merely not to disappoint the good-natured intention of the complimenter, while my heart has been secretly smiting me.

But to return to my friend and his opinions. However ingeniously they were put forward, I should have been very sorry had he shaken mine on the subject in question. His theory would have utterly destroyed all of the beautiful relationship between the sexes,—that dependence on one side and protection on the other,—which seems to be the natural order of Providence. This is subverted by the attempt to equalise their powers, either mental or physical; for one

may as well think of doing so with respect to the latter as the former; both would be equally absurd. The pen of a De Staël, the pencil of an Angelica Kauffman, have been given to the world, 'tis true,—but, like all other exceptions, they only prove the rule from which they differ. It was no human voice that said, "The head of the woman is the man."

And it is well for her this should be so. A woman's heart and not her head is generally her guide. Yielding to her impulses as she so often does,—apt to be led away by her feelings and affections,—influenced by a lively imagination and acute susceptibilities, what would become of her could she not stay her weakness upon the sound and sterling qualities of the stronger sex? Women never aim so suicidal a blow against their own interests as when they try to do away with or revolt against this doctrine of their inferiority. They throw away their props, reject the guidance and guardianship with which the goodness of God has provided them, and absolve the lords of the creation from that protection which they are so willing to afford.

Thus the bond is broken,—one party at

least is a sore loser, and perhaps both. Woman is left helpless and isolated, and man is denied the generous gratification it must always yield the strong to support and sustain the weak.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hohenstein—Music at the Brunnens—Sketches of some of the Water-drinkers—German Bows—Reflections on Travelling—Old Christiani.

We had not been very long at Schwalbach, when we went to view the beautiful ruins of Hohenstein in the neighbourhood. The day was extremely hot, so that the occasional plunges which the road made into the forest were very acceptable. When it emerged from the trees we had no shade from the sun, while we wound along the edge of precipices—up and down round and round the hills.

The beauty of the ruins, and their picturesque and romantic situation, surprised us, as they are not done justice to in any of the guide-books or itinéraires. We explored them, and found them in excellent preservation, after which we had coffee from a neighbouring Gasthaus, (inn,)

within the old walls, in an open space, where two or three German parties were, according to the fashion of their country, sitting round little tables, drinking wine or coffee, working, reading, sketching, or smoking. We then prepared to descend into the valley over which the castle towers almost perpendicularly, as of course from thence the best view was to be had of the ruins.

The descent into the valley is very precipitous—you wind round by the little narrow road, down the steep, upon which much of the village is built. This affords you some peculiar and very picturesque views; for while some of the houses are high above your head, you are as it were suspended in air over the others, and thus get many a peep down into interesting little interiors. Like the Diable Boiteux of Le Sage, you hover over the roofs, and the affaires du ménage, and simple scenes of cottage life, are all visible. Nothing was so pretty to look down into as the little open courts and farm-yards,—the groups of busy people in them, hewing wood, washing, knitting, drawing water, &c., together with the cows, donkeys, and goats, diminished to fairy puppets.

When you get to the bottom, the view is beautiful. The fine old ruin crowning the steep — the little Lutheran church, half-way down,—high-roofed cottages scattered about, and the peasants in their picturesque dresses, all are delightful.

The fairy valley itself is a sweet spot. It is long and narrow, closed in on all sides with forests, and beautiful masses of grey, slaty rock. The Aarde winds through it, and near the centre is a little rustic bridge. Numberless tiny streamlets traverse the valley in all directions, betraying their silent course only by the livelier green along their passage. The soil is very fertile, to judge from the small rich patches of corn, meadow, and clover, and the soft, thick grass, that swells up under your feet far more luxuriously than any Brussels carpet.

While some of the party went further on, I sat down on a bank beside the little footpath to rest, and I never enjoyed a half hour more completely.

The scene was lovely, and so was the evening, the mellow tints of which began to add their soft colouring to the landscape. Directly in front towered the magnificent ruins of Ho-

henstein, as bold and picturesque as many of the castles on the Rhine, and without the stiff, stunted vines to spoil the effect with their long formal rows. In the middle of the valley, just close to where I was sitting, was a beautiful group of grey rocks, planted half way up, and looking like a mimic fortification. Nothing could be more tranquil or enjoyable than the whole scene. Not a sound broke the stillness but the musical rushing of the stream, or the ceaseless chirp of the grasshopper that peopled every bank and meadow, and occasionally the sharpening of a scythe by a girl who was mowing a little way down in the valley. It was so narrow, that the peasants at work on the heights at either side, would sometimes call to each other across it, and now and then I heard snatches of song, or a merry laugh dying away in the distance.

While I was sitting on the bank, a group of pretty children came, nodding and smiling, and offering me some wild flowers, tied up in nosegays, which they had gathered.

I amused myself watching the movements of the young girl who was mowing in the valley; they were the same I had observed in the

Nassau women-farmers. Her implements were a scythe, a large wooden rake, and a piece of coarse linen cloth. After cutting down a considerable quantity of grass, she raked it together in little heaps, then unfolding her cloth, she enclosed within it an immense bundle of the grass, straining the ends together, and managing, by some incomprehensible manœuvre of strength and slight of hand, to get the whole on her head. The scythe and rake were stuck in the pile of grass, their long handles hanging downwards. With one hand she carried the comb she had just taken out of her glossy hair, and thus looking all grass from the waist up, (for head and shoulders were completely covered,) she moved off. Whether she returned to carry away the other heaps in like manner, or whether her day's work was over, and that she was carrying this provision home to her cow, I know not, as shortly after we left the valley.

We had a lovely ride home in the cool of the evening through the forests and corn-fields. The latter were full of peasants in their gay dresses, busily employed cutting down the grain and making it into sheaves. It was de-

lightful to see them all so busy and so happy. There were men as well as women, and quite as much play as work going on. The fields rang with their merriment. When the carriages of our party passed them, these good-natured people courteously all turned round with their smiles of acknowledgment—every hat and cap flew off, and red and blue petticoats touched the ground in a rustic curtsey to the strangers.

Schwalbach, coming down into it on that side, looks very pretty. There is the picturesque old church, the clergyman's house close beside it, and the very curious old wooden houses of the lower town. These last are very interesting, and many have pictures and inscriptions upon them.

What philosopher is it who says, that the feelings and frame of mind during the day, depend on the first sensations at the moment of awaking; and that the most advantageous way of being roused from your slumbers is by music?

The dwellers in the Stadt Koblenz, who are not German enough in their habits to have

their eyes open before six, ought to be the most amiable and happy people in the world, according to this rule; the delightful strains from the Stahl Brunnen close by, being the first sounds that welcome them into waking life. The music begins about six. I shall never forget the delightful sensations I experienced the first morning after our arrival here, when I awoke to the soft, exquisite melody of the morning hymn, with which the players always open the day. For some minutes I could hardly believe that I was really awake, but imagined myself under the influence of some delicious dream: the effect was quite heavenly. Since then, neither repetition nor custom has weakened the pleasure of this daily renewing delight.

The morning impressions are kept up during the day. After awaking to the sound of music, and braiding your hair en cadence, you have La dame Blanche, or the Schmetterling galop, as an accompaniment to the soup and cherry tart of the table-d'hôte.

Then, in the evening again, the bands play, first at one brunnen and then at the other, until the very air becomes redolent of music, and

the promenades, the trees, the flowers,—every thing assumes that dreamy, undulating, scenic effect which music imparts. I know not whether I can express what I mean or not; but while music is playing, a harmony seems to pervade even inanimate objects;—a *mouvement cadencé*, which of course is communicated to them by the concord of sweet sounds that fills the ear and mind of the listener.

August 6th. Being neither a bather, drinker, nor promenader, I am able, through the loop-holes of retreat, alias the croisées of my own little room, to see a great deal of what goes on in the water-bibbing world outside, without "feeling the stir."

Almost every face is now familiar. There is the Herzog himself, William Duke of Nassau, who is here lodged unpretendingly at the "Kranich," like any other passing traveller, with only one chamberlain besides his servants. No one, to have seen him as I did this morning, bounding across the green before our windows, after one of Prince Victinstein's spaniels, would imagine him to be an absolute monarch, with power of life and death in his hands. You must remark him, however, for

his aristocratic features, and fine, manly figure, and moreover an expression of goodness and kindness in his countenance, that is delightful. I think it would be impossible to look into his face, and not be a loyal subject.

Then there is the little mustachio'd French general—the only man in Schwalbach whose horse's hoofs are privileged to profane the well-kept, well-gravelled walks and promenades.

This distinction, the pretty, brown, long-tailed animal in question, enjoys over his fellow-quadrupeds, by virtue of the wooden-leg of his master, which projects over the stirrup—an honourable trophy of the old general's bravery.

A group of Russians has just passed. There are three men and one clever-looking, very ill-favoured woman, who seems to possess the most unbounded influence over her companions. They dine every day at our table at the Goldene Kette; and for a long time, so empressé were all three in their devotion to her, we were puzzled to decide which was the husband.

There is the Roman Countess, Madame de S——, once the reigning beauty of half

Italy, and still handsome and elegant-looking. Her parents, though of good family, were so reduced, that from actual poverty, they put her into a convent at sixteen. She was going to take the veil, when a fat, rich merchant, old enough to be her grandfather, travelling through the town, saw her. He made his proposals, was accepted, and she led a wretched life with him for twenty years. He then died, and two years since she married her present German husband, with whom she is, it is said, as happy as possible.

Among all the people who walk, and talk, and drink, there are none that interest us so much, as a pair we regularly meet on the promenades of the Stahl Brunnen. They are a mother and daughter in humble life,—just a step, if indeed at all, above peasants.

The mother is a gentle, delicate-looking woman, decently dressed, with her snow-white crimped cap drawn close over her pale face, and an air of meek, patient suffering, that is very interesting. The daughter, a modest, quiet-looking girl, about sixteen, has quite won our hearts by her air of simple self-possession, apparently the result of perfect innocence and un-

sophistication—she is such a beautiful contrast to the mincing, apprêté, dressed-out people about her, so easy and natural, so free from either shyness or presumption. Her whole thoughts seem engrossed with her mother, whose arm she always draws affectionately close under her own, while she carries the glass for her to drink out of.

As she walks along with her nicely-braided shining hair, her neat scarlet plaid neckkerchief, and nice shoes and stockings,—never dreaming that any one notices her,—she would be astonished to know that she and her quiet mother are more objects of real respect and admiration to us, than many of the gay folks around.

The English, probably because the London season is now over, begin to abound here, and in the snatches of conversation that rise from the gardens to my window, "the accents of my native tongue" are becoming more frequent. Formerly the buzz was unmixed German.

I forgot, in speaking of the external distinguishing marks between Germans and English,

to mention the profound bows, and the flourish of hats down to the ground, that takes place between the former, on all meetings and partings. This is seen to perfection about eight o'clock, when every one is leaving the walks, and coming home to breakfast. It is very amusing:—the ladies bow quite as much, and exactly in the same way, as the men; and when one considers the difference of construction between the persons of both—and the disposition that well-starched muslin petticoats have to erect themselves behind, if they get even a slight encouragement or inclination thereto—the effect of low bows of the feminine gender may be imagined somewhat comic.

When I see two parties of Germans drawn up in front of each other about breakfast hour, I never can resist the temptation, however gravely I may be employed, of running to the window in time for the parting. At last it comes. At the same instant—as if by word of command, off flies every hat and casquette in the two rows, while coat-tails and petticoats bend simultaneously. The several parties continue bowing, backing, and scraping for a yard

or two, when the respective garments right themselves again, their owners wheel about, and I return to my book or my pen.

The quantity of travelling that is going on before our eyes every day is quite incredible. The Stadt Koblenz being at the turn of the Ems road, and just at the bottom of the hill, causes us to see every carriage that passes—for they always stop opposite our door to take off the "sabot," with which the wheel was dragged down the steep descent. We have counted, in about an hour, as many as ten or twelve carriages of every sort, with their dusty imperials, tired-looking travellers, and blue and orange postilions. The English of course predominate,—but there are numbers of Dutch, French, and Germans. This surprised me, as I had no idea that foreigners (I crave their pardon for the impertinence of so calling them here on their own ground) moved about so much as I find they do.

There is something in seeing travelling, and being one's self en voyage, that is calculated to produce serious reflection. It recals so strongly our own actual state in this world,—

that of strangers — pilgrims — travellers ;—it reminds us that we are only passing through— journeying on to a distant home ; and that every day brings us nearer to our destination. Our habits, too, in travelling, our anxiety to find out everything about the place to which we are going, and to ascertain the exact and best road, ought to furnish us a valuable lesson. We have a divine and precious guide-book in our more important journey, to warn us of the perils to be met with by the way, and show how we may escape them, and reach that far land in safety. O that we studied and consulted it more diligently than we do !

There was a departure from our neighbour, the Pariser Hof, the other morning, which struck me very much in this point of view ; perhaps owing to some previous train of thinking, or else to the frame of mind I happened to be in at the moment.

The carriage came to the door,—every article belonging to the family was removed into it,—and soon it was plain they had ceased to have any sort of connexion with, or interest in, the house that had been their abode probably for a long time.

As I stood looking at them from the window, my mind was forcibly carried forward to the moment of departure from this earthly sojourn, when, my term ended, I should have no more to do with this world or its concerns, than the people in the carriage with the Pariser Hof upon which they were turning their backs, and from which they were just driving away as fast as possible.

A few days since, poor old Christiani, the donkey guide, asked W——, in the gravest and most serious manner, whether he lived in the same town in England with his "great relative." It was curious enough, that W——'s jest happened to touch upon a very tender chord, as "Sir Robert" (this is the name by which he is known now among all our Schwalbach acquaintances) has lately been indulging in golden dreams about rich relations, and actually made a pilgrimage to Frankfort, six months since, to find out some by whom he hoped to make his fortune.

"Sir Robert's" speculation, like many others of the same nature, proved a failure:—he discovered his relations—but all he gained by

them was a long journey and the mighty sum of four kreutzers. He was returning to Schwalbach, when, fatigued in body, and sick at heart, he threw himself on a bank to rest. He had a long stick in his hand, and while chewing the cud of disappointment, kept moving about this stick in a pool of water that was at his feet, without in the least thinking what he was about. Something hard struck it, and to his great astonishment and delight, he brought up two or three kreutzers. As may be supposed, he went on with his search, and kreutzer after kreutzer emerged from the muddy pool, until at last they amounted to between six and seven guldens (about ten shillings.) Poor Christiani! his good luck was almost as great as that of the old dervish in the Arabian Night's Entertainments. I am afraid his visit to England to look after his great namesake, would hardly prove as productive.

CHAPTER XIV.

Visit to the school-house—Schlangenbad—Departure from Schwalbach.

August 8th.—This morning we went to visit the school, and under most favourable auspices;—for Herr Klein, the interesting Lutheran pastor, was our guide. W—— called on him, and made his acquaintance some days since, when he appointed eight o'clock this morning as the hour of meeting. I looked forward with much more pleasure to seeing himself than anything else, as I really never remember to have been more impressed with feelings of respect and admiration by any individual.

We reached the school-house a little before eight, and found a general jubilee going on among the little people,—it being then break-

fast time. The pastor had not yet arrived; but soon our eyes were gladdened by the sight of his dignified figure advancing up the street. He greeted us with a simple and courteous welcome, and we remained outside the house until the children had again assembled within its walls.

The more that is seen of Herr Klein, the more delightful his character appears. There is a kindness, a suavity, a playfulness, in his manners, that is irresistibly winning; and this combined with his zeal in the pulpit, and the quiet, deep vein of piety that pervades every expression, forms a tout ensemble as useful as it is interesting to dwell upon. It is impossible to look at his face, where kindness and benevolence seem to have taken up their abode, without feeling the better for it. I never saw beauty of feature and beauty of expression united in the same degree before: his head would be a study for painter, sculptor, or phrenologist.

All the children seem to love him as a father, and when he came up, their eyes sparkled with delight at seeing him. As I observed their nods, and smiles, and different little manœuvres

to attract his attention, I could not help recalling Goldsmith's lines,

" E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile."

One pretty fair-haired little girl bounded towards him across the street, and catching hold of his hand, hid her rosy face in the skirts of his coat. It was almost unnecessary for him to tell us she was his own,—the father's love, and the father's pride, that beamed in his intelligent eyes, and broke out so eloquently in his happy, beautiful smile, as he drew her towards us, could not be mistaken.

" Do you see that little girl with the patch on her shoulder?" asked Mr. Klein, pointing to one who was seated on the steps of the schoolhouse, playing marbles with an eager group of fairy gamblers; " that is the daughter of the Schwein general;" and he laughed heartily as he spoke.

The Schwein general is certainly the most talked-of personage, and the best known, in Langen-Schwalbach. He is a source of the

greatest amusement to both Germans and English,—and the latter invariably look out for him the first thing when they arrive here. Poor, simple man! How little do he, or his pigs either, imagine they are such objects of interest, or that a clever man has, with a few strokes of his pen, introduced them into the best society in countries about whose existence they neither know, or (if the truth were known) very much care. Such is the powerful alchemy of talent!—it turns all it touches into gold.

The Herzog ought certainly to confer some distinction,—a title or an estate, upon the author of "the Bubbles," in gratitude for all the good service the latter has done his kingdom of Nassau.

When the children had returned to their occupations, we went into the school-house. The first room we came to was that of the girls, who were all learning astronomy! A strange preparation, thought I, for the after-life of a Nassau female.—Who would think that the walking masses, half grass, half woman, one meets every day in the fields and lanes, would be able to tell whether the earth moved round

the sun, or the sun round the earth, or if the moon were any bigger than their own reaping hooks.

We asked the master to allow us to hear them sing. Great was the delight of the little mädchens when this request was made known; there was a universal brightening of faces and shuffling of leaves; the pedagogue took down an old violin from a peg where it hung, and accompanied their sweet voices in a pretty simple air, which they sung in parts and from the notes.

I remarked one little Jewess, sitting a few benches off:—she was not pretty,—dark complexion, coal black hair, and small, insignificant features. I should never have observed her, but for her eyes, though they were cast down when first I looked towards her—but the effect was quite extraordinary, even though this was the case. The full swelling orbs seemed to occupy all the upper part of her face, and the long black lashes that fringed the lids were strangely disproportioned to the little sunk cheeks on which they rested. I could hardly believe *unseen* eyes could be so felt. I watched anxiously their lifting up from the book: at

last she raised them, and such resplendent things!—they were quite overpowering, and hardly seemed to belong to the small, sickly, sallow face out of which they shone.

The boys were in the next room—fine, manly, intelligent little fellows, with countenances full of good-nature and German kindliness, though not altogether without that reckless spirit of enterprise that characterises this joyous period of existence, and which you cannot but admire, though it sometimes makes you tremble.

The master chalked on a black board an intricate calculation of fractions. "Who will do this?" he asked, turning towards the rows of bright, eager faces. In a moment twenty hands were raised, strained up out of their blue sleeves, à l'envi l'un de l'autre, and the owners on their tip-toes in their anxiety to be the chosen one. The master smiled kindly on his young charge, and chose one fair-haired youth, to the disappointment of all who were forced to sit down. The boy stood up in his place, and went through the whole of the difficult calculation without slate or pencil.

The next room was full of little boys between

six and eight years of age. They sang a hymn for us, the simple words of which were very touching. As I stood behind one dear little fellow, "hardly higher than the table," I understood how it was that the Germans were a nation of musicians, and that in listening to the rude songs of the peasants at their work, the ear is never shocked by the drawling, untaught style of the same class of people in our countries. From the time they are able to lisp, they are all made to sing by note. My little friend in the ragged blouze, and all the other children, had the music as well as the words they were singing, in their hands, written on sheets of paper; they followed the time as correctly as possible, marking with their little fingers on the page, the crotchets, quavers, rests, &c.

Mr. Klein asked one of the masters to show us his collection of butterflies. He gave his children into the charge of one of the older boys, and showed us downstairs to his own little domicile. Here we found a pretty, simple young woman, his wife, with a child in her arms, sitting in a neat room, which would have made a study for a painter of

interiors. It was hung round with mahogany glazed cases, and in these the butterflies were beautifully arranged, and with the greatest taste.

They were all natives of the forests about Schwalbach, and many as brilliant and dazzling in colours as the East Indian ones. There was the large death's-head butterfly, with the ghastly figure, as plain as possible, on the back. I recognised many beautiful butterflies of the different species I had so often admired sporting about amid the green of the forest,

"Like flying gems or winged flowers!"

The lehrer, (teacher,) and his pretty wife, were delighted with the admiration we bestowed on their house, their child, and their butterflies; they were all certainly very interesting in their respective ways.

The schools in Nassau are supported by the government. It is compulsory on every peasant to send his children there; lists of those who attend are forwarded periodically to the authorities, together with a return of the de-

faulters. The parents of the latter are fined some kreutzers, if they cannot prove that they have obtained the necessary permission, always granted in harvest, or other busy times, to keep their children at home.

I quitted the school at Schwalbach with very delightful feelings. A peasantry brought up within such walls, where the simple truths of salvation are taught to all,—where the little dark-eyed Jewess lifts up her voice with her Christian brothers and sisters in the same hymn to their Divine Redeemer, ought surely (humanly speaking) to be "their country's pride," and a blessing to the rulers who watch over the immortal beings committed to their charge with such parental care.

Thursday, 11*th*.—A—— drove us over in his carriage to Schlangenbad. The day was very warm, and therefore we doubly enjoyed one of its delightful baths, of cosmetic celebrity. The effect of the Schlangenbad waters on the skin is really wonderful; it seems like exaggeration, or fancy, on the part of those who have described them already, to say that one quarter of an hour's luxurious lying

under their clear soft surface, should be able to produce such an impression. Yet so it is, in sober earnest. I think it was two days at least before the effect of even our one bath went off; and when, forgetting what manner of man or woman we had become in it, we afterwards happened to pass our hands over our foreheads, either for want of thought, or in search of some stray thought that had made its escape, the agreeable contact recalled us suddenly to the sense of the soothing, softening influence of the waters.

We dined at the table d'hôte; and while the soup was bringing in, amused ourselves with looking about at the brilliant complexions of the people who had been so marvellously improved by their sojourn at Schlangenbad. It was curious to recognise the bleached skins of some well-known Schwalbach faces which we had missed for a fortnight or three weeks at the Pauline Brunnen.

After dinner we walked about the delightful walks of Schlangenbad. The character of the place is totally different from that of Schwalbach. The latter is a sociable, rustic village,

that gives you all the pictures of rural life—cottages, groups of peasants, cattle, farm-houses, harvest scenes, and all that sort of thing.

The former, from what I could observe, has more of the romantic than the pastoral about it. There are long, shady, dreamy walks, with the sun-light flickering down through the tall thick trees, and narrow winding paths up rocky steep ascents, and little lonely glades by the banks of a stream, where you may throw yourself on the soft grass, and fancy there is no living thing beside in the wide world, except the grasshopper, that

> ..... "evening reveller, who makes
> His life an infancy, and sings his fill,"

and the butterfly that is chasing his playfellow from one wild flower to another.

In the course of our rambles we came to a dilapidated house, apparently uninhabited. We pushed at the door;—it was opened by a pale, gloomy-looking man, who, without uttering a word, motioned to us to come in, and disappeared. We went on through some large,

cheerless, deserted chambers, and soon found ourselves in a long, closely-covered walk. It ran round the building like a cloister, and was almost dark from the trees that had closed over it, and were kept shorn in a low arch overhead.

I never was in such a place—so damp, so gloomy, so forlorn—the air seemed to be like a dead weight on the chest, as if it were never stirred,—so thick and heavy, it was an effort to breathe. At the end of this gloomy alley was a rouge et noir table—a fitting place truly for such an object! One might almost imagine the evil spirits who preside over gambling, and watch with fiendish exultation the malignant passions it excites in its wretched victims, had communicated their baleful influence to this dreary spot. It was so oppressive that if I had been alone, I could have sat down and cried most comfortably. As it was, when we got out of this region of play into the pure, fresh air, and cheering sunshine of the open space outside, I could not help drawing a long, deep breath, and feeling I had gotten rid of a painful weight.

But at Schlangenbad, between its walks and

its waters, its scenery and its salubrity, any uncomfortable feeling cannot last very long. I got soon laughed out of mine; and when we were seated on a green bench, before a little green table, covered with white cups and saucers, drinking our coffee under the trees, to the sound of the delightful music of the band on the terrace underneath, while dispersed about were sundry little knots of people also with green tables and white coffee-cups before them, there was not much sadness left, as may be supposed. While we were sitting in one of the shady promenades, an old man appeared with a small wooden bandbox in his hand. He laid the said box at our feet, raised the lid, and took thereout not a cap or a canezou, as might reasonably be expected, but five serpents, and three eggs.

These serpents, or schlangen, whence the place derives its name and its salubrity, are between four and five feet long. They are said to be perfectly harmless. Nothing could be better behaved than those we saw: they appeared highly delighted at finding themselves out of their bandbox, and very sensibly wriggled off towards the grass the instant they were

at liberty. Their old keeper, however, soon checked their excursive propensities, a disappointment they all bore very well, with the exception of the proprietress of the eggs. She regularly turned round and flew at the old man, putting out her forked tongue at him every time he touched her. Poor lady! she was evidently preparing to increase the number of white chalky-looking eggs, from sundry knobs that marred the symmetry of her smooth form, like the knots in an oak walking-stick. The tension of her polished skin over these must have been very uncomfortable, and so doubtless it was her interesting situation that soured her temper.

In the evening we returned to Schwalbach, all very much delighted with our pleasant day at Schlangenbad. A——, who looks upon everything there through a medium so couleur de rose that even the *grausam* walk had charms for him, declared that it was just the place to pass a honeymoon, and that moreover it was well worth while getting married solely and wholly for the purpose of spending the bridal month at Schlangenbad.

Next morning was that fixed for our departure from Schwalbach, after a stay of four quiet,

happy weeks. I awoke with a " serrement de cœur," at the thought that it was indeed the last; and I could not help looking round with a feeling of regret at the little room with its rude furniture and carved, old-fashioned, high-backed chairs, of which I had really become quite fond, on the same principle doubtless that endears to us even the defects of a person we love.

The life we led at Schwalbach was so even, —so regular,—the place itself so retired and simple,—so secluded in its peaceful valley from the jar and turmoil of the world, that a sojourn there ought to be good for the health of soul as well as body. But, alas! every day's experience shows us too plainly that place and circumstance have comparatively little to do with this matter. As long as the evil is from within, that from our own hearts flow the sources of sin and of sorrow, the crowded city, or retired valley, are much alike. We carry our internal world, whatever it may be, into either. Our faults, generally speaking, are our own, and have nothing to do with what surrounds us.

But I must not begin moralising, albeit I believe it is a very common accompaniment of

the mood in which I was while we were driving out of Schwalbach. Zapphina, Caterina, and all the inhabitants of the poor Stadt Koblenz, (a little yellow and white kitten which had become a great pet of ours, though its face was not always of the cleanest, inclusive) were drawn up on the steps to bid us adieu.

There was waving of handkerchiefs from a neighbouring balcony, and sundry takings off of hats, and bows, and curtsies from friends high and low in the dear village. The carriage, too, bore away many a little souvenir—a piece of music, the melody of the Nacht wächter's lied (watchman's song) was put into it just as we drove off, a parting gift from our venerable friend the Herr Klein. Then there was a bunch of carnations and mignonette from poor old "Sir Robert," tied up with coarse grey thread, &c. &c.

As we drove up the hill the music from the Pauline Brunnen reached us. We might have exclaimed in the language of Keats—

"Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill side;—and now 'tis buried deep

In the next valley glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music—do I wake or sleep ?

I am sure the waking realities of our happy visit at Schwalbach will live for some time in our memories.

CHAPTER XV.

Frankfort—Hotel de Russie—Rothschild's house—Excursion to Wilhelmsbad—My neighbours.

In recommencing our journey we were struck by the change that one short month had made since we had been last en voyage. The trees were beginning to be touched with their autumnal hues, and here and there a sear and yellow leaf strewed the ground.

The poppies, whose dazzling scarlet had so often excited our admiration, were now all turned to seed, and either stood blackening and withering in the fields, or else were piled up in stacks to be made into opium. The roads were bordered on either side with mountain ash in full berry, and apple-trees, bending to the ground under the weight of their rosy fruit.

Many of these last, when the trunk was inclined forward, had been supported by tall, pillar-like stones from the red quarries of rock in the neighbourhood. A piece of coarse cloth folded together was always placed on the top of the stone to prevent its injuring the bark; and I remarked that in many instances the tree had grown down over stone and cloth together in a very curious manner.

These trees loaded with fruit remaining thus untouched along the public roads, show that the people are very honest, or else that our grandmother Eve has not transmitted to her descendants in this quarter as much of her taste for apples as has been inherited by our dearly beloved countrymen. I fear they would hardly withstand the temptation of all this unguarded fruit.

We did not remain at Wiesbaden longer than while the horses were being changed. It is so completely different from either Schwalbach or Schlangenbad, that it would hardly please the same taste. Any one who prefers a bustling little town, gay streets, well-filled shops, and abundance of the human face divine, to rural and romantic beauties, will be

happier here. The country about Wiesbaden is flat and unpicturesque in general.

As we approached Frankfort we saw several fields of Indian corn, the first of this luxuriant plant we had as yet met with.

It is difficult in driving into Frankfort to imagine that you are not entering a capital: there is such an air of bustle in the environs, and the villas that surround the town are so luxurious, so beautifully kept, and have an appearance of so much wealth about them. They are each surrounded by gardens, the beautiful flowers in which delight the eye and make the air fragrant with their exquisite perfumes. These gardens are full of flowering shrubs, acacia, and other trees, and under them are disposed the little tables and chairs, which are such an indispensable in German luxury, from their habits of eating, &c., out of doors.

Great are the vicissitudes of this life! What a contrast was the splendid Hotel de Russie, into which we now entered, with its palace-like front, and huge lions frowning at either side of the great marble staircase, to the poor little Stadt Koblenz, in dear, quiet Schwalbach.

We had the greatest difficulty in procuring

rooms, owing to the overflow of travellers. Dusty, disappointed carriages and tired horses, were retracing their steps out of the Porte Cochère as we drove in, and we certainly should have shared the same fate, had it not been for the interference and interest of Madame Sarg, the host's pretty wife. Fortunately W—— had made a table-d'hôte acquaintance with her at Schwalbach, where she and her little girl were drinking the waters for a few days. We now reaped the benefit of this friendship, and after mounting what seemed full half a mile of stairs, took possession of some excellent rooms.

This hotel is an immense building, and cost thirty thousand pounds to erect. Sarg, the present proprietor, was quite a child of fortune. He was Ober-Kellner in a small gasthaus in Frankfort, where he contrived to save four or five thousand guldens, (about three hundred pounds.) This and a handsome face were what he had to begin life with. His good looks gained him the favour of an heiress, the pretty daughter of one of the richest men in Frankfort, a butcher. In process of

time Sarg became possessed of the lady, her fortune, and the Hotel de Russie, which his father-in-law gave him as a wedding-gift, having purchased it for five thousand pounds.

We visited the curiosities of Frankfort; the far-famed statue of Ariadne by Danneker, in Mr. Bethman's garden,—the picturesque old house, built in the year eleven hundred—interesting in itself, and for its antiquity, and doubly so from having been the residence of Luther,—Baron Rothschild's beautiful villa and gardens, &c.

Nothing can surpass the luxury of the latter. The house unites what are rarely found combined together, comfort and splendour, and has that inhabited look, the want of which makes the most splendidly-furnished palace undesirable, and effectually saves me at least from all temptation to break the tenth commandment. Perhaps one reason of the comfort of Baron Rothschild's villa is that the rooms are not very large, and the plan of the house compact. The walls are so covered with looking-glass, that you get quite puzzled at first. Two or three times I turned into a gallery or corridor, ima-

gining one of our party was at the end, when I found that, like the dog crossing the stream, I was following the shadow not the substance. Some of the rooms are fitted up with crimson and gold, others with white and silver, yellow, &c. and they are all luxurious beyond description.

There is an exquisite boudoir, the walls covered with arabesques, that is more like what you read of in an oriental tale than anything else, and the bed-rooms are of a piece with the rest. One would imagine they were only for show; but that here and there are symptoms of occupation. That next the boudoir I did think it impossible any one could profane to the vulgar purpose of sleeping in, until a recently-used night-lamp, some perfume bottles, brushes, and a morocco spectacle-case, lying about on the toilette-table, showed the contrary.

The rooms were full of articles of lady's workmanship, such as foot-stools, sachets, sofa-pillows, skreens, &c., done in that worsted tapestry so universal here, the rage for which has lately been transferred to the ladies of England. I never saw it in greater perfec-

tion or variety than in these rooms — there was embroidery on cloth, canvass, in gold and silver, floss silks, &c. One little round table-cover, embroidered on white velvet, and fringed with festoons of rough uncut coral, was the most elegant thing imaginable. This was in a bed-room!

The servant told us that all the beautiful work we saw was done by the hands of one lady—the lovely niece of the baron, who was married lately to the son of the London Rothschild, since dead. There seemed occupation for a life. The poor old servant was as proud and pleased as possible at our admiration of his young lady's skill, and drew forth from their gauze covers many beautiful specimens that we might examine them more minutely.

The gardens correspond with the house—c'est tout dire! They are exquisitely kept, and there are tents, temples, vine-covered walks, &c. &c. In one of these temples was a pamphlet lying open on a marble table. I looked into it, expecting to see a Hebrew document, when to my surprise I discovered it to be a christian tract! It was in French, and the effect of meeting the Saviour's name

and his praises in this Jewish dwelling was singular. "The lake is very pretty, covered with swans and all sorts of water-fowl. The abodes of the latter are perfect bijoux, in the form of fairy Grecian temples, raised a foot over the water, with a little bridge going up into them. Some were at the edge of the lake, embowered in hydrangias, geraniums, and other beautiful flowers and shrubs ranged on platforms behind them. If I had lived in the days of the believers of Metempsychosis, how I should have longed to get into the body of one of those luxurious swans!

On our return from walking round the gardens, we saw a pretty girl, one of the maids, come out of the house, and call to something across the grass-plot. A graceful little animal of the gazelle species, with the full, soft, black eyes that have been sung by Childe Harold, came out of the underwood at her voice. It was very lame, and looked, poor little thing, rough in its coat and sickly. She began feeding it with greengage plums, which it ate voraciously, and we went up and inquired what was the matter.

"It was brought from America," said the

girl, in the softest and most musical German I had heard since we have been in the country, "and now it has got the *Englische krankheit.*"

"The *what?*" we exclaimed in dismay at hearing of a malady peculiarly distinguished as the "English sickness."

"Ja, die Englische krankheit," continued the silver-tongued damsel, most gravely and pertinaciously, not in the least heeding the personal interest we had in the matter; "in the Englische krankheit, the bones get weak,"—(we began to feel whether our own were not beginning already to totter)—"they melt away, and in seven years you are either cured, or else you die. Ja, ja! it is a very bad thing, the Englische krankheit."

"Very bad indeed!" thought we poor Englanders, as we wished good-bye to the pretty maid, the sick gazelle, with his English disease, and his greengage plums.

August 14.—The most natural conclusion, after being for half a day established in the Hotel de Russie, would be that the whole world, and every one in it, had but one pursuit—travelling! Our ears were absolutely stunned

with the rattle of travelling carriages and diligences over the hard pavement, the crack of the postilion's whip, and the discord of the postilion's horn. Every five minutes the porter's bell in the court-yard of the hotel sounded, either to ring in arriving guests, or to ring out departing ones. The post-horses, and their orange and blue drivers, must have a busy time of it!

All the houses in Frankfort have looking-glasses fixed to the windows outside, in which the whole street is reflected; so that a person in the room can see everything that passes without the trouble of looking out.

Many of the houses are very large, and show their proprietors (chiefly merchants) to be wealthy. You fancy you are looking at half a street, and on inquiry find that the entire range forms but one house. They have generally balconies covered with striped awnings, and the groups of people on these, sometimes a whole family seated there in the evening, have a most picturesque and oriental effect.

August 15.—"Of course, mein Herr, you will go and see Wilhelmsbad," said the valet-de-place to-day. "It is a palace of the Elector

of Hesse, not occupied now by him, but thrown open to the public. Every stranger visits it, and it is the rendezvous of half Frankfort—you will see all the beau monde—they go there to play, to dance, to drink coffee, to dine, to amuse themselves. Of course you will go to Wilhelmsbad."

We could not possibly decline what half Frankfort, and all the travellers that had preceded us from time immemorial, were in the habit of doing, so we resolved to devote an afternoon to Wilhelmsbad. The valet-de-place strongly urged the expediency of not dining until we got to the palace, where it seemed in his eyes that everything could be done better than anywhere else in the world. Accordingly we set out, A——, who had arrived in Frankfort the day after we did, being of the party.

For the first mile or two the scenery disappointed us a little. There were no striking features; and indeed upon the whole our view strongly resembled that which a fly might enjoy while walking over a dinner-table, so dead and unbroken was the flat. Supposing the promenade to take place during the dessert, the likeness between the case of the fly and ours would

be complete, for we saw nothing but apples on every side and wherever we turned. However, things might mend;—the beautiful scenery and splendours we were promised would soon come; and so, buoyed up with hope, we drove along.

We stopped at the striped white and red barrière. A small window opened;—first appeared a cloud of smoke, then a face with yellow mustachios and a pipe in its mouth emerged from the fumes, and lastly a long pole, having a sort of little tin box like a warming-pan at the end to hold money, was projected out of the window, and half across the road, to receive the toll. The ingenious contrivance to economise trouble being drawn back again amid a fresh puff of smoke, the window closed, and away we drove.

The custom of every duchy and province bearing the colours of its chief is very interesting, and makes travelling through the country very pleasant, as you know at once when you get into a new territory, what it is, and to whom it belongs, by the stripes and colours. These are put upon every government article to which a paint-brush can be applied; lamp-posts, finger-posts, sentry-boxes, palings, bar-

rières, &c. I felt quite grieved when we took leave of the Nassau orange and blue a few miles before we reached Frankfort, and saw the well-known colours give place to the red and white of Hesse. There was a small pillar to mark the termination of the sway of our friend the Herzog.

Besides the colours, there are other badges and insignia of the sovereign worn by the people, which give the passing traveller the idea that they take a pleasure in identifying themselves with their ruler, and showing they belong to him; a sort of paternal and filial bond that is very interesting, like the faithful followers of an ancient family, proud of wearing its livery and acknowledging its sway.

But all this time we kept anxiously looking out to the right and left for beauties and prospects that, alas! never came. Perhaps another idea,—shall I confess it?—began to mingle with our desires after the sublime and beautiful of Wilhelmsbad. The fact was, that having been accustomed for the last six weeks to dine at the wholesome hour of one, and it being now considerably past four, we were all getting excessively hungry.

Man is a creature of habit—(the observation is somewhat trite)—and the appetite is a troublesome thing that seems to partake of the same nature; for it comes when it is accustomed, without the least regard to circumstance or convenience. Not even, therefore, the promised charms of the palace could prevent our recurring with certain very complacent anticipations to that part of Karl's description wherein he dwelt on the perfections of the table-d'hôte.

At last we came to a creeping, sluggish, stagnant stream, with a crazy rustic bridge over it, and an old dirty pleasure-boat decaying on its green surface. Something like a building appeared through the trees.

"Wilhelmsbad!" exclaimed the valet-de-place, rising himself majestically out of the rumble behind, and then re-seating himself with a dignified wave of the hand, as though to utter that one important name was enough,—it left him nothing more to add.

We drove up to the shaky, dilapidated old house; but at that moment the beauties of the Kürfürst's palace not being uppermost in our thoughts, the disappointment was not so much felt.

A waiter appeared at the door.

"We can dine here, can we not?" said W——.

"Nein, nein," ("no, no,") answered the kellner with a shake of the head, "not now. There is nothing to be had—nichts zu bekommen."

"Nichts!—nothing!!" vociferated Karl, in a tone of such utter and lamentable dismay, as, in the energy of the moment, he bundled himself down off the carriage, that there was no resisting it. We all with one accord burst into a fit of laughter.

They must have thought us the most good-humoured people under the sun to laugh when we were told we could not get any dinner, after arriving tired and hungry at the end of a very long drive.

W—— and the valet-de-place went to see what they could do in this emergency, and we sallied into the grounds to console ourselves with the picturesque, repenting, however, having turned our backs upon Mr. Sarg's one o'clock fare at the Hotel de Russie.

Picturesque there was none in this dilapidated abode of former grandeur. After passing

through large, empty, cheerless, forlorn chambers, smelling most abominably of the pipes and cigars with which the "beau-monde of Frankfort" regaled themselves therein, we came to a dreary garden. In the middle of a blackened grass-plot stood the headless, mutilated trunk of a stone statue, which in by-gone days had been a fountain.

Altogether the place was going completely to ruin, and the only attraction it could have had for the people we saw arriving in carriages and sitting round the little tables under the trees, must have been its affording facilities for gambling,—a thing forbidden in Frankfort.

The mysterious fascination which gives to gambling its excitement, appears to me to lie much more deeply hidden among the secret springs of human sympathy than many may be inclined to suppose. The mere love of gambling, in an abstract point of view, is a melancholy chapter in the history of our nature; but life itself is so full of extraordinary chances —chances which baffle all calculation, that the study of it, in a philosophical light, is sufficient to indicate, to a certain extent, the character of some of those—

"Who stake in London their estate
On two small rattling bits of bone,
On lesser figure or on great."

from motives commonly believed to be merely mercenary.

The rasserenato physiognomy of the valet-de-place, as he came out to join us after his sudden retreat, showed us that matters were improving in the eating way. Indeed, on our return to the house, we found the "nichts" of the waiter turn out to be an excellent dinner. Sago-soup, trout, bouilli, pudding, roast chevreuil and cherries, apricots, bons-bons, in short, all the regular succession of a German dinner, with hock and Ingleheimer.

We could not help laughing at our adventure. There was something so absurd in the idea of our having taken so much trouble, put ourselves out of our way, lost a day out of the three or four we had to pass at Frankfort, and all to come to this miserable place. We four looked so small and so disconsolate, seated in the middle of the great, bare, forlorn, empty chamber, that we actually laughed at the melancholy figure we made.

Our mirth was like the Irish tune which set men, women, children, chairs, tables, fire-irons,

every person and thing that heard it, dancing.—for a peasant woman passing by with a child in her arms stopped to look in, and joined in the laugh,—and a melancholy-looking soldier, moping about under the windows, opened his mouth and eyes, and wondered, doubtless, what there was in the dull, gloomy air of Wilhelmsbad, that could so inspire us. I am sure the valet-de-place inwardly rejoiced at having made us so happy, and our ill-timed merriment will lay the foundation of future victims to the Kürfürst's abode.

There is a curious tradition about the bridge at Frankfort, which accords with the taste of the Germans, always to introduce diabolical agency into their legends.

They say that the builder engaged to have it finished by a certain day. The time drew near,—it was not nearly done,—and in his distress he applied to the devil for assistance; the latter promised it on condition that the first living being who should cross the bridge, should be his. The builder agreed, and in one night the bridge was completed. The devil now anxiously watched for his prize, but

his ally out-witted him,—for he contrived to drive a cock over the bridge first, which Satan in his rage and disappointment, instantly tore in pieces. A figure of a cock now stands in the centre of the bridge, and the above is the way in which they account for its having been placed there to commemorate the event.

Tuesday night, August 16th.—If a room in a hotel could write its history, what a very interesting one it would be,—what a series of changes and contrasts!

This idea came into my mind this evening during a very idle half hour which I spent in the window of my own room, observing my neighbours. It is at the back of the house, in one of four sides of a small hollow square, enclosing a paved court. Down below in this court, are travelling-carriages ranged side by side with such economy of space, that I could not let a pin fall from the window, without its alighting on some imperial or hat-box; and all round me, where those rows of windows rise one above another, are lodged, doubtless, the proprietors of many of the carriages.

I am up so high that I can look down into some of the rooms. What a variety there must

be in the situations and circumstance of their different inmates! Some prosperous, some unfortunate; the same roof covering alike the happy and the miserable!

This evening I looked out as a few were at their windows, while I stood at mine. At the right were two Frenchmen, d'un certain âge, in little scarlet scull-caps, leaning on their crossed arms, and discussing something with all their country's gesticulation. Music must have been the subject, for every now and then one would interrupt himself and sing slowly and gravely a fragment of an air or song, holding his companion by the button all the time, to fix his attention, and gazing up earnestly into his face. The dumb-show part of this little pantomime had a most ludicrous effect.

At a window on the story below, a pretty, pensive-looking girl was standing. Presently another came, and putting her arm round the waist of the first, they began to talk. I could not hear whether it was German or English, but it sounded very confidential; and I could not help fancying those low, sweet voices were murmuring something at that still hour, and in the growing dusk, they might not have com-

municated so unreservedly at another time or place.

Opposite, in one of the very top rooms, was a girl knitting. She was a meek, quiet-looking creature, and went patiently plodding on, never raising her eyes from her monotonous occupation. I remarked her there this morning, when I was dressing—she doubtless had never stirred since!

Just under her was a room occupied by two young men, as mercurial as she was sedentary. One would come to the window and throw himself on a couch with a book in his hand; and then the other, creeping slowly behind, would either suddenly dash away the book, or else throw a handkerchief over the reader's face. The latter starting up to avenge the insult, a general scramble and chase round the room ensued, and again they appeared breathless, and laughing, and flushed, at the window.

Sometimes they amused themselves pelting the ostlers below with crusts of bread, while they kept out of view, wrapped up in the curtain. When the missile rattled down upon the man's hat, he looked up to find out whence it had descended, and then straightway another crust

alit into his open mouth. This feat was successfully accomplished but once, and great was the glee it excited. There was no end of their fun and tricks.

An hour ago, all these windows were lit up, and dim shadowy figures were flitting about behind the blinds. Now all is dark except one solitary chamber to the left, where a mysterious light is still burning. Perhaps it stands beside some weary bed of pain, trimmed by an anxious, watchful friend or sister. Now it stirs. She may be moving it, to try and shade the eyes of the poor invalid from the glare. Or, perhaps, that candle is shedding its midnight beams on some studious youth, or idle scribbler like myself, speculating and dreaming away on paper instead of doing so in bed.

That there is suffering of some sort or other in the next room to mine, is very certain. The heavy, hopeless sighs that have reached me through the thin partition since I commenced writing, are grievous to listen to. What can be the matter with my poor neighbour? He is evidently some one broken in spirit.—From what cause? Is he suffering from his own

fault, or from misfortune? A ruined gambler—or a bereaved mourner? No matter—he is unhappy,—and that is enough to awake sympathy for his sufferings. Last night it was the same way,—I heard him sighing his heart out all the time I was undressing. What a contrast to the person who has just passed along the corridor with a light, bounding, half galoppe step, singing a lively air as if his spirits were almost too buoyant to be kept in check.

But apropos to checking, it is high time I should arrest my garrulous pen, the only thing stirring now, I dare say, in the hotel de Russie. Even my poor broken-hearted neighbour is asleep; the measured breathing on the other side of the partition having for some minutes announced that his sorrows, whatever they may be, are at last suspended, by Nature's kind restorer.

O that he may have poured them out before Him who can bind up the wounded spirit, as well as feel for its griefs—ere he committed himself to rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

Frankfort to Fulda—German roads—Thuringian forest—Eisenach—Luther.

August 17*th.*—This morning we left Frankfort. As we drove through the town at six o'clock, I could not avoid contrasting its sleepy appearance,—many of the shops with their eyes still fast closed up,—with that of Schwalbach at the same hour. That little, healthy, active place, seemed to be always running races with the sun in the morning, trying which should be first up, and I believe the village generally won the point. At Frankfort, persons and things looked only half awake at the advanced hour of six. The puffs of smoke rose drowsily and languidly from the never-failing tobacco-pipes—few and far between they were emitted, and slowly they

curled round the sleepy mouths and drooping eyes of the smokers.

German habits are very early in general. They rise between four and six, and are in bed before twelve. At Cologne, however, we remarked they were much later at night, though the morning hours were the same. They sometimes sleep after dinner, but this seems by no means a universal or systematic practice.

We had now turned off the beaten road of English travellers, and were soon made aware of this by sundry trifling circumstances. In the first place, the crowds of travelling carriages that we were accustomed to meet on the road suddenly disappeared. In the next, we began to be objects of notice to the people as we passed along. This was not the case at the other side of Frankfort—no one thought of looking at so common a thing as a party of English strangers. Even the curiosity of womankind (that attribute which has been stitched so firmly to the petticoat, that nothing will now remove it) was not to be roused. Not a pair of eyes yielded to the temptation of proving faithless to the knitting-needle. As for the dogs, they never thought of such a thing

as taking the trouble to bark at us. If one did happen to look up, he turned away his head disappointedly, as much as to say, "O, only some more English travellers!" and coolly nestled down his nose upon his fore-paws again.

Now we were beginning to be "raræ aves," and to excite some commotion among dogs, boys, women, and even uncurious men! We were stared at, and barked at, and pointed at, until we really began to feel our own importance.

Gellnhausen is a romantic town, with a very curious church, the three towers of which are quite crooked, and were, I believe, built so. Just outside the town is a rich vineyard, sloping beautifully down from the road-side in an almost perpendicular descent. We had now come into a grape country, and met occasional groups of peasant girls with the graceful vine-baskets slung at their backs. These baskets, "contrived a double debt to pay," were now employed in bringing home bundles of faggots from the forest.

Before reaching Gellnhausen we came to the first of those lovely villages which occurred so frequently during the drive. It

was called Rothenburg. I thought I had never beheld anything so delightful, so picturesque, so exactly coming up to the beau ideal of rural life, and rural habitations. It was just the sort of thing one reads of, and dreams of, while visions of pastoral scenes,—the music of oaten reeds, and chalumeaux,—" sweet Auburns "—and Prout's cottages, are all floating about in the brain. I never expected to meet such among the dull realities of life; to find those " baseless fabrics of a dream," based so solidly on good substantial terra firma. I stretched my neck out of the carriage-window in despair at losing sight of Rothenburg; but I need not have sent such a longing look after it, for it had many successors that equalled, if not surpassed it in beauty.

The next poste to Gellnhausen was Saalmünster, before entering into which place we got into the Bavarian territory,—the colours white and blue.

The costume of the peasants here we remarked as being very pretty, though black seemed the favourite and prevailing colour. Many of the women had black petticoats and little jackets fitting tight to the shape, of coarse

cloth the same colour, edged with green. The cap was very peculiar, small and close, quite at the back of the head, with the crown-piece of gold or some bright colour, and an immense bunch of broad black ribbons streaming behind, nearly down to the heels.

The men all wore large cocked-hats, which had a strange, yet pretty effect. A party of young boys at high romps among some corn-stacks, amused us very much; their staid-looking head-gear, to which we attach such grave grandfatherly ideas, being so little in accordance with their age and wild frolics.

It was quite a relief to the eye to see the cows here harnessed separately under the carts. The one long yoke of wood across the forehead, to which both poor heads were firmly strapped in Nassau, used always to give me a painful feeling. I could not divest myself of the idea that the poor animals were suffering from being pinioned thus, as of all miseries that of having the *head* pent in a vice must be the greatest. I quite enjoyed looking at the first cow I saw luxuriously tossing hers about, with the power of stooping down if she chose. A poor Nassau cow could not so much as drive away a fly

biting her leg, without dragging down her companion with her, and the heavy wooden beam to boot.

We stopped at Schluchtern at a very modest-looking little inn, and asked rather doubtingly whether they could give us anything to eat. The pretty handmaiden, who let down the carriage steps, answered in the affirmative, and though things looked rather unpromising, (her smiling face, however, not included,) we went in.

After a very short delay, part of which was spent in examining the primitive little village, and part in throwing down crusts of bread from the inn window, to a sedate-looking raven, who was hopping up and down the steps, the damsel appeared with a bowl of smoking eyer suppe (egg soup.) This was followed by an excellent dinner, ending in bonbons and fruit. It was rather unexpected, coming from a little humble village kitchen, whence in England the utmost that could have been looked for would be a tough mutton-chop.

I question, however, whether the dainties were half as acceptable to us, as our crusts were to our friend the raven. Poor fellow! he was very

thin, and looked in his suit of rusty black like a decayed gentleman, who had seen better days. The way in which he eyed the descending crusts, darting at them with outspread wings and catching them in his bill before they reached the ground, showed he was very hungry.

Nothing can be more admirable than the German roads—you bowl along them as luxuriously as on the most carefully kept avenue in an English country seat. Through Hesse we were struck by the singular appearance of the road being a dark grey colour, while the surrounding country was of a bright red sandstone, and the earth of the same rosy hue. The roads looked like black streaks drawn through the land in every direction. On inquiry we found the material of the latter to be basalt, brought all the way from the Thuringian Forest, and used to keep them in repair.

The road is divided into a certain number of parts, and piles of stones distant from each other between ten and twenty yards, are allotted to each divison. Sometimes there are fifty piles in one of these compartments.

Each pile is about six feet long, two and a-

half high, and two and a-half wide: on a flat stone in the centre is painted the number of the pile. The measure is exactly the same throughout, and the labourers are paid sixteen groschen (two shillings) a heap for breaking them. This is good payment, and very luxurious gentlemen moreover are these said stone-breakers. All along the roads, when the weather is hot, they work, generally speaking, behind a sort of rude screen made of straw, or of interwoven branches of trees with the leaves on. Their faces are fortified with large spectacles made of fine wire-work, or else a kind of half-fencing mask that comes down over the nose with a comical harlequin-like expression. In Prussia they have in front of their hats a brass plate with a black eagle upon it.

Their implements appeared to me more convenient than those used at home. Instead of the heavy, short-handled English stone-hammer, these are fixed at the end of a long, tough, elastic stick from the forest. They must require less effort to use from this springing handle, and the blow that descends from it upon a block of basalt, shivers it into many pieces.

The roads are covered with people breaking,

scraping, and levelling. In short, everything connected with them is so well attended to that the whole arrangements are such as would please the eye and rejoice the heart of a M'Adam.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at the cheerful little town of Fulda, where we were to sleep. Here we found one of the nicest little inns we had yet met with, kept by the most civil, good-hearted people imaginable.

Generally, the first operation on entering the salon of a German gasthaus is to proceed straight to the window, unfasten the bolts, throw open the casements, and so obtain ingress for the fresh air, and egress for your own head out of the hateful cigar and tobacco atmosphere of the room. But at the pretty Hotel del Poste at Fulda, no such preliminary to breathing was necessary. The fragrant perfume of roses and mignonette greeted us on the stairs, and in the salon we found vases of fresh flowers on every shelf and table.

It was quite a little baby-house, so neatly arranged and so perfectly clean. Several pieces of ornamental china, and various knick-knacks

were about the room: amongst others a bust of the Regent of Hesse under a glass-case. It was taken when he was twenty years of age, and is very handsome. There were also several engravings of other branches of the same family —*proofs*—forgive the pun—of our host's attachment.

While we examined these, our tall lanky waiter, whose face seemed made for smiling and his figure for bowing, was decking the tea-table with the whitest of cloths, the tenderest of piquéd partridges, and the most delicate of rolls, rusks, and all the varieties of German bread. It all looked very inviting, and after paying our devoirs to it, and finding everything as good as it looked, we repaired to our fairy bedrooms, which were as neat and as comfortable as the rest of the little establishment.

Next morning we left the smiling town, passing by the palace, and well-kept public walks. Immediately outside Fulda is the convent of Frauenberg, a striking object standing boldly on the summit of a wooded hill. There was a row of little windows fronting the road, with the casements all open. I could not help looking up to them with a sort of expectation of seeing a pale-faced nun in her fillet and veil

peeping out. The sisters have a lovely spot for their prayers and meditations. The beautiful works of the great Creator, to whom they have devoted their lives, are spread in rich profusion beneath and around their abode. The country about here is very pretty,—wooded hills succeeding each other, each with a convent or church peeping out of the trees at the highest point, being the principal features.

We were struck with the graceful shape and beautiful colour of a sort of high pail for water, carried by the peasants on their backs:—they were all of that fresh perfect whiteness, which belongs to wood only, before it has been used, and must have been made of maple, otherwise even the scrupulous cleanliness with which they were kept could not have preserved the colour.

While we were on the travelled roads, we were frequently teased with stopping to change horses with some carriage going the contrary way, in order to save messieurs les postilions the trouble of retracing their steps when their task of driving was over. Now this additional delay in the slowness of German posting was more rare. Once or twice a diligence brought

us to a dead halt, and our poor horses were then sufferers, having to exchange a comparatively light carriage and five travellers, for the great, heavy, crowded, lumbering machine.

Yesterday morning, coming out of Gellnhausen, we made a droll exchange, not of horses, but of drivers. In going slowly up a long hill, I saw the postilion run suddenly forward, despoil himself in a moment of coat, hat, horn, and whip, fling these habiliments over a booted and spurred man standing by the road side, who jumped up in his place, without the sagacious leaders pausing an instant, and away we went, driven by the same clothes but a different man. I suppose there had been some previous arrangement between them, but the effect of this little pantomime was very comical.

After passing through Hunefeld and Buttlar, both tolerably large towns, we reached Vach towards evening. The scenery until now and on the previous day, very much resembled that in the prettiest parts of England—rich, planted, and park-like. However, there were sundry little traits and characteristics to remind us that we were not in John Bull's country, but in that of his Saxon ancestors.

A peasant girl with her long, flowing black ribbons, and picturesque water-pail at her back;—two storks marching gravely over a stubble-field;—a man breaking stones and puffing away at the same time from a long china pipe;—a group of little boys running beside the carriage singing a wild air in parts;—others holding up tiny baskets full of forest raspberries,—all these and many more, were *not* symptoms of England.

The villages, too—but what shall I say about them? A Thuringian village is indescribable —at least by me. I should only mar the beauty I wished to extol. True I might sketch a few of the leading features;—I might try to describe those wooden cottages clustered together in such beautiful confusion, their high-tiled roofs peeping up among the vines, on the heights, and down in the little valleys in places where you least expected them. The church, too, with its venerable tower and belfry, I might describe, perched on the highest and wildest spot of the irregular surface, the little steep, well-trod path winding up to it through trees and rocky gardens. The narrow street, with the long Prout-like draperies of cloth hanging from

the topmost windows, or skeins of bright-coloured worsted of the same home manufacture. The cottage covered with wooden tiles;—the glancing casements with their sexagonal panes;—the rude shelf outside each window, filled with flower-pots, scarlet geranium, carnation, and the gorgeous hydrangia, and singing birds in their wicker cages suspended among the flowers;—the walls painted with bright colours in fantastic patterns, grotesque animals and figures; the holy inscription over the door, in three or four uncouth but expressive lines, invoking for the building protection from on high. The shelf beside the porch filled with shining crockery-ware, or a tempting display of those turban-shaped loaves and rolls that are as pleasing to the eye as the taste. The little gardens, with their store of purple plums, and walnut-trees, and scarlet kidney-beans,—the bee-hives in the shade, the rustic seat, the picturesque piles of wood for the winter fire, and the little draw-well. The old woman spinning on the high steps outside the door,—the children climbing up and down the wooden balconies,—the groups of laughing girls plying their knitting needles or winding worsted

skeins, or training the straggling vines in the gardens. All these I might describe, and they would in days to come recal, as I glanced over the page, the enchanting scenes with which they are connected, to mind and memory; I should feel the charm, and be transported once more in imagination among those delightful scenes; but to others,—to those whom I so wish to make sharers with myself in the pleasure,—I cannot, alas! impart it.

The scenery between Vach and Eisenach is magnificent, and thoroughly German in its character. Shortly after leaving the former town, the road plunges into the Thuringian forest, and at every mile it increases in interest.

Nothing could be more beautiful than its windings; sometimes along the edge of steep precipices, the tops of the tall trees forming a thick leafy carpet below, while towering high over our heads on the opposite side rose perpendicular masses of rock and mountain,—the stately fir and graceful birch springing up straight from the very topmost edge of the bare, red rock. The road was bordered with hedges of dark fir, while all around, far as the eye could reach, were spread the "eternal forests."

There was a surpassing grandeur in this scenery. Its features were on so vast a scale that they overpowered the beholder with their sublimity. Those bold, stupendous forests of dark pine, untrodden by human foot, the haunt of the wolf and wild boar, into whose gloomy depths the eye dared not penetrate, inspired a strange feeling of awe, a breathless sense of human nothingness. The mighty hand of the Creator seemed indeed peculiarly present in this magnificent region: it was impossible to avoid exclaiming at every step, "How wonderful are thy works!—in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

When we reached the last hill before entering Eisenach, a beautiful object suddenly appeared in sight. It was the castle of Wartburg, and on turning an angle of the winding road, it burst upon our view so abruptly and with such picturesque effect, that we all uttered a simultaneous cry of admiration, which made the postilion turn round on his saddle with a most satisfied grin. Wartburg is—but I must proceed to Eisenach before descanting upon it.

We halted at the Halbe Mond, our quarter for the night, and after dinner took a long ex-

ploring ramble. The little town, so beautifully situated, has not much in itself to recommend it. It was once the seat of a flourishing trade, and that having declined, Eisenach has now the melancholy marks and tokens of a place that " has seen better days."

But it is hallowed by associations the most interesting. Luther, the pride and glory of Germany, passed some of his early years here, and here it was that Providence raised up for him the benefactress whose friendship formed so essential a link in the chain of events that led to his bright career.

As I walked down the little street at Eisenach, the youthful sufferings of this devoted servant of Christ rose into my memory. I pictured to myself the interesting child, his features already tinged with that melancholy which clouded his early days, arriving at his mother's relations in Eisenach from Magdeburg, where he had been so harshly treated at school.

These poor people, unable to support him entirely at their own expense, sent him into the town to earn a few kreutzers by singing. In this very street perhaps it was that the sweet

tones of his touching voice, as he sang the simple hymns taught him by his religious parents, won the heart of Madame Cotta, and decided her on becoming a second mother to the friendless boy. She had already observed his interesting appearance and ardent devotion at church: and now she took him into her house, gave him a seat at her table, provided him with books, and fostered those talents for poetry and music he so eminently possessed, and to which his devout and enthusiastic disposition so strongly inclined him.

Luther's progress in learning was very rapid. His zeal and diligence were unwearied, and his piety decided even at this early age. He began every undertaking with earnest prayer, and his motto was—"Whatever is devoutly prayed for is half studied." His father wished him to become a lawyer; and so well had he improved the advantages procured for him by Madame Cotta, that he was fit for the university at Erfurth in his eighteenth year, and two years after he went there was made a professor.

Erfurth was the scene of that event which changed so completely the current of Luther's

life, and laid the foundation of his future achievements. But I must confine myself to Eisenach for the present, and leave the occurrences of Erfurth until we arrive at the place.

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